Chronicles

November 1995

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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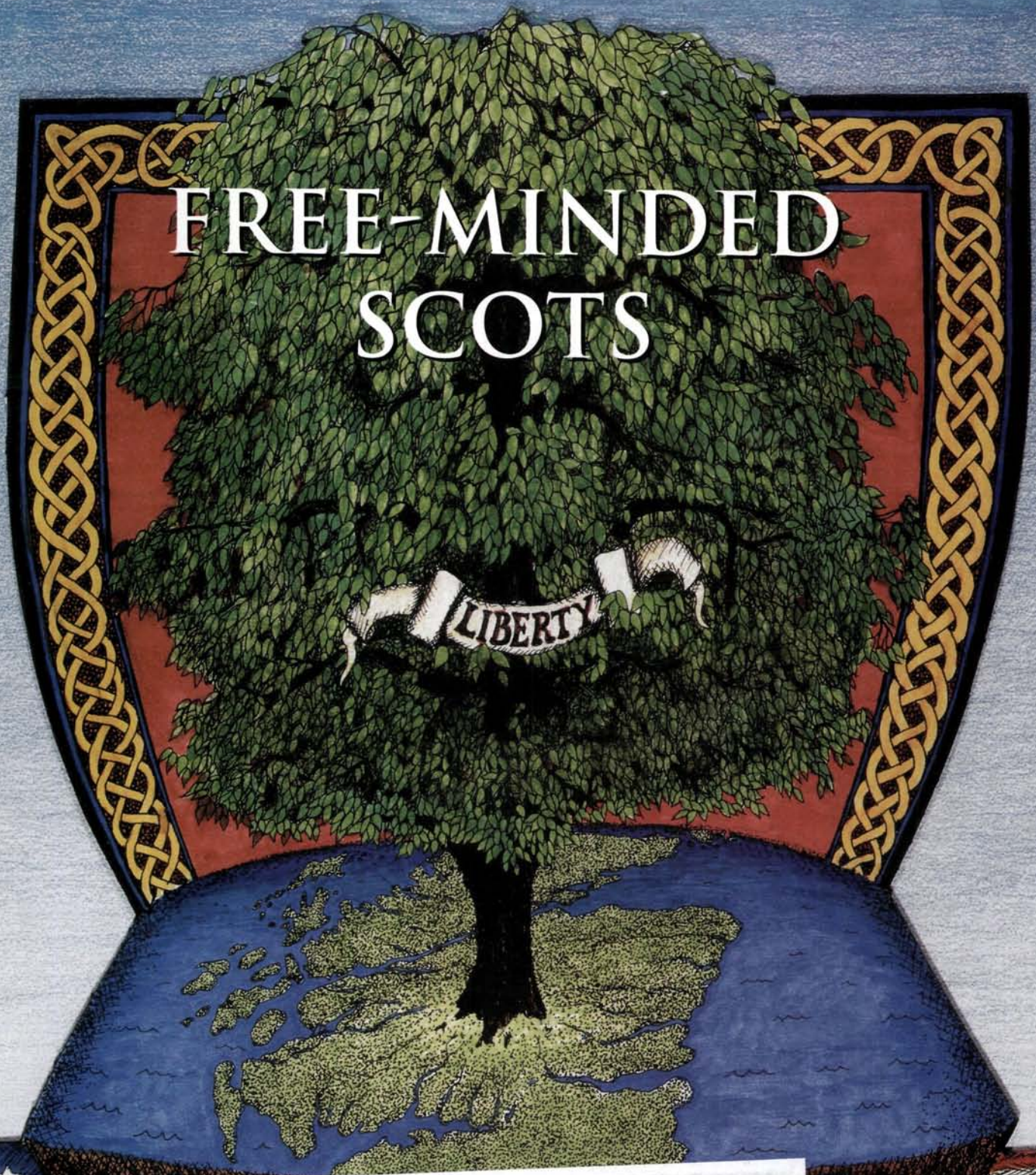

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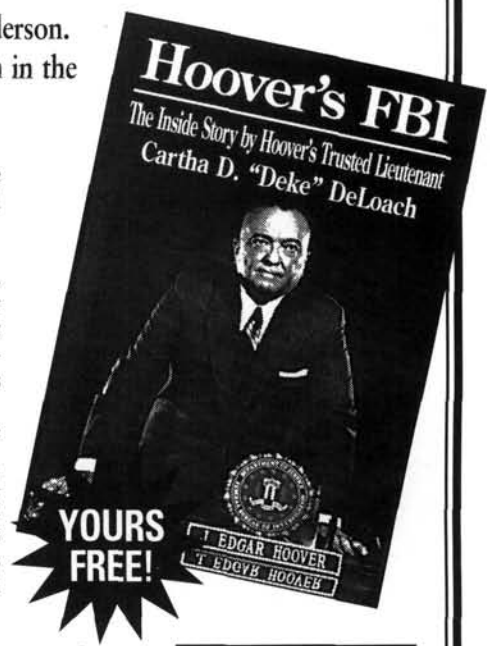
Learn the Truth About J. Edgar Hoover's FBI . . . From the Only Man Alive Who Knows It

This is "the book that had to be written," says columnist Jack Anderson. Adds former U.S. Congressman Samuel L. Devine, "No other person in the world knows more about J. Edgar Hoover than Deke DeLoach."



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Over the years, the left has produced tome after tome of wild speculation about what went on inside the FBI—the world's most famous and mysterious law enforcement agency. Hoover has been called a racist, a sexual pervert, a blackmailer and a tyrant with no respect for American freedoms.

And then there have been the adulatory books, according to which the original G-man could do no wrong.

Look Inside Hoover's Inner Circle

Now, for the first time, a member of Hoover's inner circle speaks. Deke DeLoach, an FBI agent for more than 28 years—who became the Bureau's deputy director, third in command, and a personal confidant of Hoover's—has written *Hoover's FBI*, the first portrait of Hoover and the FBI that will ring true to objective readers.

WARNING: Deloach pulls no punches. This book will disappoint both rabid Hoover haters and uncritical Hoover worshippers. It reveals the phenomenal power of this intriguing organization and how that power was used—sometimes correctly, sometimes not.

Yes, Hoover did abuse his power, and he broke the law.

But as DeLoach shows—and this will drive liberals wild—the men who ordered Hoover to repeatedly violate the civil rights of American citizens were liberal icons like Bobby Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson and Bill Moyers.

Hoover's FBI reveals:

- The role of the FBI in the relentless and spiteful power struggle between Lyndon Johnson and the Kennedy clan
- How the FBI, through a Supreme Court Justice, and at Lyndon Johnson's insistence, illegally manipulated the court into changing its decision on a key wiretapping case
- How the FBI captured James Earl Ray—one of the great detective yarns of the century
- Eleanor Roosevelt's and JFK's extramarital White House affairs
- How LBJ ordered the FBI to break up the romance between actor George Hamilton and his daughter Lynda Bird

DeLoach offers the final word on the questions that have plagued modern history

- ✓ The Kennedy Assasination
- ✓ The infamous Martin Luther King tapes
- ✓ Hoover's alleged homosexuality
- ✓ The FBI's secret crusade against Communist subversion
- ✓ Johnson's use of the bureau against Goldwater and Nixon
- ✓ The "secret files" Hoover allegedly kept to blackmail hostile members of Congress

"This book should be widely read."
—Paul Harvey radio commentator and author

Deke DeLoach was privy to Hoover's thoughts and deeds during the Bureau's most tumultuous years. *Hoover's FBI* is a gripping account of a modern government agency caught on a tightrope between ambitious liberal politicians and the limits of the law.

Few memoirs anywhere are based on such a specific and detailed record of the past—more than 6,000 separate items, including confidential memos and personal notes taken by DeLoach. This precise, easy-reading narrative is perhaps the most authentic account ever written of the FBI.

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Chronicles

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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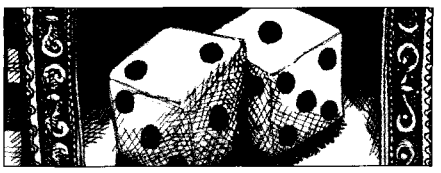
On Art Felons

In 1994, a crackdown by New York City police on illegal street peddling on Soho's narrow, crowded sidewalks resulted in sellers of paintings and photographs being hauled in by the dragnet. Since the Soho Alliance, a volunteer community group, draws its members from the artist residents of Soho, we felt a need to find a solution that would keep our sidewalks passable and free, yet allow some venue for people to sell their handmade merchandise without fear of being issued a violation by the police. City Council hearings were held last year by council member Kathryn Freed to find such a solution. Members of the Soho Alliance worked hard at securing public parkspace, city-owned sites, and nonprofit cooperative galleries where the street people could sell their works.

Unfortunately for both the street art dealers and Soho residents, these efforts were derailed by one megalomaniac vendor, Robert Lederman, who formed a committee of one, crowned himself its president, and claimed to represent the street people. He mounted a smear campaign against council member Freed and the Soho Alliance, who were the only people working for an equitable solution to the arrest of sidewalk art dealers and the confiscation of their works. The article in the August issue of *Chronicles* was part of that campaign. Notice that the writer, Ann Sandhorst, in her puff piece on Lederman, failed to disclose the fact that she is Mr. Lederman's girlfriend and business colleague, hardly an objective journalist.

Lederman, in an attempt to rise from obscurity and garner donations for himself, initiated a lawsuit against New York City, claiming that First Amendment guarantees of free speech included his being able to peddle artistic merchandise on crowded public sidewalks without the required street-vending licenses or the collection of city sales tax.

Presented with this anarchic approach to a serious public safety question, federal judge Miriam Cedarbaum recognized the inherent problems in unregulated street art sales. She agreed that the First Amendment guaranteed the right of artistic free expression and the public display of art. She also agreed that the First Amendment may protect the unlicensed sale of art that has a clear and overt *political* message. However, when it came to the question of unlicensed and unregulated sale of nondescript paintings and photos on public sidewalks and private buildings, Judge Cedarbaum clearly was unreceptive to the street art dealers' arguments for First Amendment protections. "Because some aspects of art are protected some of the time by the First Amendment, it does not mean that all aspects of art are protected all of the time," she declared. The judge indicated that she considered undistinguished prints and paintings as general merchandise, to be regulated as such. Smearing oil on canvas does not make one an artist. A certain amount of professional skill, training, knowledge, education, peer recognition, and creativity are the standard hallmarks in determining artistic talent. There are an estimated 100,000 artists in New York. Do all of them have the right to peddle in front of my home without regulation?



A written decision from the judge is expected soon. However, any attempt to find a just solution to the problem is stalled, due to the fact that any legislation which seeks to find a suitable location for the artists to sell from legally has been blocked until this frivolous lawsuit of Lederman's is concluded, since the city is a party to it. Everyone's hands are tied by his selfish legal maneuvering.

In the meantime, the judge has said Lederman is no longer subject to arrest while his suit is being adjudicated. But Lederman encourages other artists to sell on the street, knowing full well that they will be arrested and that their artwork will be confiscated, while he remains safe from arrest and prosecution. Thus he acquires further publicity and donations, while cynically sacrificing artists as cannon fodder for his own ambitions. It is no wonder that he was characterized in a recent *New York* magazine article as a "looney, a wacko . . . suffering from a persecution complex."

—Sean Sweeney
Director, Soho Alliance
New York, NY

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Ann Sandhorst Replies:

The landlord/artists of the Soho Alliance are an embarrassment to the artists of Soho. Sean Sweeney's letter is factually incorrect in all of its points. Space considerations allow me to respond to only a few.

Police officials point directly to Ms. Freed and her alliance as the source of political pressure to arrest artists displaying on Soho's streets. Sweeney characteristically projects his own misunderstanding of First Amendment issues onto federal judge Cedarbaum. This June, the United States Supreme Court stated, "The Constitution looks beyond written or spoken words as mediums of expression . . . a narrow, succinctly articulable message is not a condition of constitutional protection, which if confined to expressions conveying a 'particularized message' would never reach the unquestionably shielded paintings of Jackson Pollack." About 300 skilled and highly talented artists presently display and sell their own original art along New York City's 800 miles of public streets. Robert Lederman was elected by them to help defend their right to freedom of expression. Rather than face the constitutional issues, Sweeney, Freed, and their alliance attack Lederman as a "megalomaniac" and characterize artists displaying their own works as "art dealers" hawking "merchandise." Numerous artists besides Lederman are plaintiffs in the same federal suit and are protected by the same restraining order. New York City's vending ordinance already exempts anyone selling First Amendment-protected material, including comic books, baseball cards, and incense, from the licensing requirement.

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE MEXICAN BAILOUT was a bipartisan scheme, meaning that its details were kept shrouded in secrecy. The White House and the congressional leadership conspired with the banking industry, and Alan Greenspan even telephoned Rush Limbaugh and ordered him to support it. Limbaugh did not need to be told.

Almost alone, Senator Alfonse D'Amato started looking into this caper, using his small staff as investigators. He sponsored a bill that would have restricted the flow of cash to Mexico and forbid any repeat performances. The party-controlled FEC suddenly slapped him with hefty fines for trivial campaign violations that he denied committing. He has now moved on to other matters.

Groups like the IMF, unlike the rest of us, have permission to pronounce on this subject. Its report on Mexico was revealing. It turns out that the peso collapse was not caused by foreign investors dumping pesos and investments in Mexico. The spark was the Mexican business class, which scrambled to sell at the top of their inflated market. That is their right. What is criminal is that American taxpayers were forced to make up the difference.

The IMF report also denies that Mexico's troubles could have triggered a "contagion effect," a banking crisis spreading throughout Latin America, to North America, to Asia, and finally to all the world's economies. But who knows? If the peso collapse would not have caused it, some other crisis still might.

Murray Rothbard, in his book *The Case Against the Fed*, asks an interesting question. Why do banks in developed countries, unlike firms in every other industry, rely on the public's "confidence in the system" to keep them afloat? Why must depositors never wonder if they will get their money out? If you think about it, a grocery store would welcome a "crisis of confidence" that resulted in periodic "runs" on its products. Imagine people sitting at home wondering: What would happen if the store ran out of goods? They then rush out to stock up in the process. If a business is dealing honestly, a wave of suspicion would either be good or irrelevant.

Banks are different because they are permitted by law to hold only a fraction of the deposits they claim to hold. It is made possible by deposit "insurance," with government (taxpayers and savers) the payer of last resort. It has not always been this way. In the 19th century, bank-runs kept banks honest. Credit was appropriately tight, money was backed by gold, and loan officers had to be sure about projects before they funded them. Still, the bank-run was a staple; now the run is considered an evil act of betrayal.

With the end of the gold standard—a degenerative process that lasted from 1913 until 1973—came the age of inflation. Then came deficits, explosions in government's size, worsening business cycles, domestic and foreign bailouts, paper billionaires, and an extension of the welfare principle into credit markets. Paper money and perpetual credit inflation are malevolent institutions that benefit both big bankers and big government. They are the root cause of most of our economic troubles. Say what you will about the old populists, they knew that monetary issues are more central than they first appear. They communicated this to the masses, much to the consternation of the elites.

Contrast this with the modern right. The last time conservatives talked about gold was in the early 1980's. Now, the new Republican Congress has cut back the frequency of Alan Greenspan's testimonies, so as not to interfere with his "independence." The Democrats were at least curious about what he and his friends were up to in Washington's Temple of Doom.

Under a gold standard, there would be no bailout of bankrupt government. Under the present system, we are looted subtly and insidiously, and do not know whom to blame. It is a sad state of affairs when a person who questions the Mexican bailout is seen as a crank. That's the world that Greenspan, his predecessors, and current co-conspirators have created for us.

—Jeffrey Tucker

WHEN SENATOR JESSE Helms was in his prime, one newspaperman described his crusades on the Senate floor as "stompin' trompin' ultra-right action." Ultra-rightists of the Helmsian kidney were not offended, and most were despondent when the most reliable man on the right went into ideological hibernation during the Reagan-Bush years. Helms went after a few leftist nominees for ambassador and vainly tried to stop some of the shenanigans at the National Endowment for the Arts.

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But for the most part, not much was heard from him. He was tired, it was said, from his Sisyphean labors. Then Bill Clinton was elected.

Ever since, Helms has been back in the newspapers. Liberated from the bonds of loyalty to Republican Presidents, Helms has become quite the recidivist, opposing President Clinton and his congressional supporters on a variety of fronts. Two of his favorite issues are foreign policy and federal funding for AIDS research.

On the foreign policy side, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Helms brought President Clinton to heel in July. As reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, "The senator has gotten [*sic*] the White House's attention. President Clinton met quietly with Mr. Helms . . . after Senate Democrats blocked a vote on Mr. Helms's cherished State Department reorganization plan. In retaliation, Mr. Helms vowed to shut down his committee, blocking all treaties, ambassadorial appointments and other business, until he got satisfaction."

According to the *Journal*, Helms is turning moderate because he lunches with Secretary of State Warren Christopher. But Helms is interested in more than foreign policy. Only Helms had the effrontery to fight the refunding of the Ryan White bill on AIDS research. Funding it, Helms observed on the Senate floor in an unapologetic voice from the Old South, would subsidize deviancy. You don't often hear members of the world's greatest deliberative body use the word "pervert" on the Senate floor, but there it was. Officialdom was appalled.

The rejuvenation is easy to explain, former staff members say in offering two different explanations. Some believe Clinton brought Helms back to life. They say Clinton tried to "play hardball with the wrong person," for as chairman, Helms is in a position to bring Clinton's foreign policy to a halt. Moreover, a left-wing President is Helms's perfect foil. Granted, Clinton's positions on everything from most-favored-nation status for China (public enemy number one to Taiwan-supporter Helms) to American policy in Haiti are hardly distinguishable from his predecessor's, but Clinton allows Helms to move to the President's right in ways he could not between 1980 and 1992. Helms was always reluctant to oppose President Reagan and Bush because "you're not going to go out of the way to question the leader of your own party," the former staff member says. Although Helms opposed many of the Bush administration's nominees for various posts, his "displeasure was not vocal. He considered George Bush a patriot and a fine man."

Not so with the man Helms said was unfit to serve as Commander-in-Chief. "Helms was the only person I knew in this town who saw a silver lining" in the cloud of Clinton's election, the source said. "I remember talking to him. [He said] Bill Clinton could deliver a conservative Congress. That is something that animated him."

It has, but another source says the resurrection of Jesse Helms can be traced to the welcome departure of chief of staff Darryl Nirenberg, who ran the senator's office for three years. This darker scenario paints Nirenberg as a moderating force who tried to protect and guide Helms and so alienated other staff members that more than a few of them quit. Moreover, Nirenberg was in charge when Helms purged the Foreign Relations Committee staff of its reactionary elements, led by Helms's trusted aide, Jim Lucier, and replaced them with "foreign policy professionals." "Every senior person left," another former staff member says, "because Nirenberg didn't leave." With Nirenberg gone, Helms is back in action.

But the former explanation highlighting the election of Bill Clinton sounds like a more reasonable explanation, for Clinton also rejuvenated much of what is loosely defined as the conservative movement. It too suffered after Reagan's victory in 1980, as money dried up with the perception that the good guys had finally won. Now, right-wing direct-mail tycoons, especially the crooks, are rolling in the stuff that Republican dreams are made of.

Whatever the reason, Helms is back at the front, especially in the culture wars. Right-wingers have President Clinton to thank for giving them back the main congressional preacher of their old-time religion.

—*R. Cort Kirkwood*

POET ZBIGNIEW HERBERT and historian François Furet are the recipients of the 1995 Ingersoll Prizes. Herbert will receive the T.S. Eliot Award for Creative Writing; Furet, the Richard M. Weaver Award for Scholarly Letters. The awards, each of which carries a cash prize of $20,000, recognize writers of abiding importance whose works affirm the fundamental principles of Western civilization.

Zbigniew Herbert was born in Lvov, Poland, in 1924 and educated at the University of Cracow, the University of Warsaw, and the Nicholas Copernicus University of Torun. During World War II, he fought the Nazis as a member of the Polish underground. Herbert launched his literary career in 1955 as a writer for the journal *Tworczosc*, and a year later published his first book of poems, *A Story of Light*. His numerous publications since then include a play, *The Philosopher's Den* (1958), *Report from the Besieged City and Other Poems* (1985), and a book of essays entitled *Barbarian in the Garden* (1985). In an essay on Herbert, critic A. Alvarez wrote, "He is an avant-garde poet whose experiments and precise, restrained rhythms have sent Polish prosody off in a new direction."

Speaking on behalf of the jury, Thomas Fleming (executive secretary of the Ingersoll Prizes) described Herbert as "a classical modernist in the tradition of T.S. Eliot: with one eye on classical antiquity and its lessons, Herbert has, nonetheless, been a socially and politically committed poet grappling with the dark age in which he lived." Alluding to Herbert's fierce resistance to both Nazism and Communism, Fleming said that the poet had displayed "a heroism that approached moral grandeur. Zbigniew Herbert, in struggling against dehumanizing ideologies, including the ideology of consumerism, has become the conscience not only of Poland but of the West."

François Furet was born in 1927 and received his education in Paris. In addition to running the Ecole des Hautes Etudes en Sciences Sociales in Paris, Furet has been director of the Institut Raymond Aron for the past ten years and a member of the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought since 1985. The author of a major revisionist study of the demise of the *ancien régime*, *Interpreting the French Revolution* (1981), Furet is also the editor of *Unanswered Questions*, a collection of essays dealing with the holocaust, and author of many other titles, including *The Revolution* (1965), *In the Workshop of History* (1981), *Marx and the French Revolution* (1988), and *Revolutionary France 1770-1880* (1992). In collaboration with Mona

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Ozouf, he edited the *Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution* (1989). A story on Furet in *The Economist* characterized him as "a new monarch of French studies of the revolution" who "seeks to establish a new collective wisdom which avoids . . . the left- or right-wing distortions of the past."

According to Thomas Fleming, "François Furet has gone to the heart of modernity—both its good and its evil—in laying bare the reality of the French Revolution. With meticulous research and unflinching courage, Furet has given us a profound understanding of the revolution that set the stage for our own age. Until we can comprehend the French Revolution, we shall never comprehend ourselves. In this sense, M. Furet has given us the historical mirror we so desperately needed."

Past winners of the T.S. Eliot Award are Wendell Berry (1994), Fred Chappell (1993), Muriel Spark (1992), Mario Vargas Llosa (1991), Charles Causley (1990), George Garrett (1989), Walker Percy (1988), Octavio Paz (1987), V.S. Naipaul (1986), Eugène Ionesco (1985), Anthony Powell (1984), and Jorge Luis Borges (1983). Recipients of the Richard M. Weaver Award include Murray Rothbard (1994), Eugene Genovese (1993), Walter Burkert (1992), John Lukacs (1991), Forrest McDonald (1990), Edward O. Wilson (1989), Edward Shils (1988), Josef Pieper (1987), Andrew Lytle (1986), Robert Nisbet (1985), Russell Kirk (1984), and James Burnham (1983).

OBITER DICTA: Between November 21, 1995, and April 14, 1996, the Rosenbach Museum and Library in Philadelphia will run an exhibition entitled "Robert Burns: The Poet's Progress." Curated by Nicholas Barker and Wendy Van Wyck Good, the exhibition will include letters, manuscripts, first-edition books, and other impossible-to-find products of Burns' literary genius. The exhibition is scheduled to coincide with the Burns International Festival, which commemorates the 200th anniversary of Burns death. Admission will be a mere $2. The Rosenbach Museum and Library is located at 2010 DeLancey Place, Philadelphia. For more information, call (215) 732-1600.

The following stores in Minnesota now sell *Chronicles*: Little Professor Book Center, 1301 N.W. 18th Avenue, Austin; Borders Bookstore, 1501 Plymouth Road, Minnetonka; Mary Lundell/Book Dept., 10400 Yellow Circle Dr., Minnetonka; Barnes & Noble, 7505 Metro Blvd., Minneapolis; Dinkytown News, 301-14th Ave. SE, Minneapolis; Dugout Sportscards & News, 2726 Division St., St. Cloud; Tobak Shop of St. Paul, 2140 Ford Parkway, St. Paul; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 2090 Ford Parkway, St. Paul; Moorhead St. University Bookstore, Moorhead; Barnes & Noble Superstore, Chateau Theatre, Rochester; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 2100 N. Snelling Ave., Roseville; Barnes & Noble Superstore, 3225 W. 69th Street, Edina.

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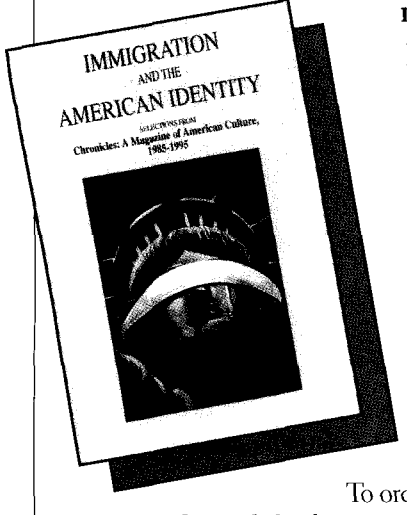

"The presence in this volume of California's Governor Pete Wilson, easily reelected since his essay 'Citizenship and Immigration' first appeared in *Chronicles*' November 1993 issue and now widely mentioned as the possible catalyst of the immigration issue in presidential politics, is only one reason *Chronicles*' editors can fairly say: you read it here first."

—*Peter Brimelow,* Forbes

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by Samuel Francis

Victims of Blunt Force Trauma

Even before the end of the trial of Los Angeles police officer Mark Fuhrman for the crime of white racism, the percentage of black Americans who believed that Officer Fuhrman's most celebrated victim was innocent had risen from 60 percent before the trial to a whopping 78 percent by the time the prosecution rested. It is never easy to find 78 percent of any large group in the United States that agrees on much of anything, and the proportion of blacks who believe O.J. Simpson did not commit the murders of which he was accused is exceeded perhaps only by the percentage who think the landing on the moon is merely white racial propaganda. Whatever the other differences between the two main races of the country and their cultures, nothing in recent memory exposes the profound perceptual gulfs that divide them more than the protracted and preposterous circus in Los Angeles that raised to stardom such obscurities as Judge Ito, Marcia Clark, Johnnie Cochran and a throng of semi-educated technical experts who proved incapable of explaining the esoterica of their craft to a bewildered court.

In the last few years, the American judicial system has become almost as much of a joke as the United States Congress. The courts have become notorious for magistrates who shamelessly inject their own prejudices and opinions into the cold majesty of the law, permit ruthless criminals to bargain their way to freedom, and impose the most draconian punishments on citizens who have committed at worst only minor legal infractions. But juries are not much better, especially when a case before them is even remotely colored by racial issues. It is now commonplace for black jurors to announce after a trial that they voted to acquit black defendants plainly guilty of serious felonies just because they didn't want to see any more young black males go to jail, and the almost universal cynicism among whites that Mr. Simpson would be acquitted or get a hung jury suggests that few citizens any longer expect the courts to provide real justice in any case involving race. The ease with which the Simpson defense team succeeded in making Officer Fuhrman's supposed racial epithets the main issue in the trial betrays the degree to which racial right-think rather than any commitment to justice is now the prevalent concern of the court system.

The foolishness of the Simpson trial inevitably recalls the judicial destruction of the white police officers who subdued Rodney King in 1991, but the fate of those white men at the hands of a criminal justice system rigged against whites is now largely forgotten. Yet those officers at least received a reasonably fair verdict in their first trial before the federal leviathan waddled in to make their ruin certain in their second, constitutionally repugnant, and politically mandated tribunal. But what happened to Sgt. Stacey Koon and his colleagues looks like the justice of Solomon compared to what befell two Detroit policemen in the episode now known as the "Malice Green case."

Like any case involving white policemen and a supposed black victim, this one made national news for a brief while in 1993, not least because it looked like yet another chance to whack the white power structure for its "institutional racism" and because it seemed to be a possible sequel to the merry yarn of the illustrious Rodney. But there were clear differences between the Green case and that of the "black motorist" of Los Angeles. In the former, there was no videotape to be distorted for the misinformation of the public on national television, and there were no riots to display the "rage" and wounded self-esteem that the spectacle of four law officers wielding their truncheons against a strapping, drunken, and uncontrollably violent criminal helped produce in Los Angeles. Hence, the Malice Green case as a national story withered rather quickly, and had it not done so, the patent miscarriages of justice against the white cops might well have produced riots of a rather different hue. Yet the full story has never, as far as I know, attracted the slightest attention from the media.

On the night of November 5, 1992, two Detroit police officers named Larry Nevers and Walter Budzyn approached a parked car in the nether parts of Detroit, the same area where race riots erupted in 1967. The car they approached resembled one reported stolen earlier, and it was stopped outside a building they say was known to be a crack house. As they reached the car, they realized it was not the stolen vehicle, but they did recognize one of its occupants as a person with a record of drug violations. Officer Nevers asked the other gentleman, a 35-year-old black male with a history of petty criminal charges named Malice Green, for identification.

Green, accompanied by Officer Budzyn, walked to the other side of the car, and Nevers soon heard sounds of scuffling. According to the officers' later account, Green was holding something in his fist that he refused to release. Budzyn yelled that he was holding drugs, and both officers had to struggle with him. Green kicked Nevers in the chest, and Nevers, who says Green tried to seize the handgun at the officer's side, struck Green several times with his flashlight. What eventually fell out of Green's hand was a rock of crack cocaine.

During the struggle, an emergency medical vehicle happened to pass by, and several other officers were required before Green could be completely subdued. By that time unconscious, he was placed in the ambulance and taken to a local hospital. By the time the ambulance reached the emergency room, Malice Green was dead on arrival. Within a few hours it became clear that the careers, if not the lives, of the two officers who had tried to bring him in were also defunct.

Neither the Detroit police department nor the city's political leaders lost any time in deciding what had happened and what would happen. Within 18 hours, the precinct commander brayed that "They murdered this man for no other reason than the fact that he was black," and Detroit police chief Stanley Knox proclaimed at a press conference that "This is not Simi Valley, and we will convict here." Simi Valley was the location of the first trial of the four Los Angeles policemen in the Rodney King case in which they were mostly acquitted. At the time Chief Knox uttered this thought, there had been no criminal charges filed and no completed investi-

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gation, and the very comparison with the King case was certain to inflame the racial passions in which the case was at once submerged.

Nevers and Budzyn were suspended without pay at about the same time, and Chief Knox was able to forbid a Police Review Board investigation of the case, a decision unprecedented in the city's history. Within 72 hours of Green's death, Detroit Mayor Coleman Young announced on national television that the two policemen were murderers, and within three weeks, the city had reached a settlement with Green's family for $5.25 million. The city's legal settlement thus conceded that Green was an innocent victim even before criminal proceedings against the policemen had been initiated. If that wasn't enough to send the message that the city wanted them convicted, the police department proceeded to fire both officers during the pretrial examination on the grounds of "conduct unbecoming an officer for having committed second degree murder."

From the beginning, the NAACP was at the center of the onslaught against the two officers. As Nevers has written, "This case gave them more fuel for their racist fires. I lived through this case and witnessed black racism at its absolute finest. The racism was perpetrated by the local chapter, by powerful black officials in the city, and black members of the Detroit Police Department in concert with members of the Prosecutor's Office. . . . [The NAACP] organized marches, demonstrated, and proclaimed they would investigate this case personally. The NAACP also raised money for the family and paid the funeral expenses of Green."

At what reporters were pleased to call "the trial," Nevers and Budzyn were tried simultaneously but by two different juries. One of the juries consisted of 11 blacks (the sole white man later told a radio talk show host that his colleagues had "pressured" him into voting for conviction), and who should one of them turn out to be but the vice president of the local chapter of the NAACP, a fact never disclosed during the jury selection or the trial itself. Shortly before the jury retired to consider its verdict, it was sequestered and provided movies to watch for its edification. The first film was Spike Lee's classic in Afro-racism, *Malcolm X*, which begins with the videotape of the Rodney King beating, a burning American flag, and a voiceover that identifies "the white man" as "being the greatest murderer on earth." Mr. Lee and Malcolm would have had no problem getting onto the Nevers-Budzyn juries, but the *pièce de résistance* at the "trial" was the autopsy report.

The autopsy was conducted by Dr. Kalil Jiraki, who testified that Malice Green's death was due to "blunt force trauma" (i.e., the blows from Nevers' flashlight). What was not disclosed was that there was a second autopsy, by Dr. Jiraki's supervisor, Dr. Bader Cassin, whose suspicions were aroused. Dr. Cassin noticed that Dr. Jiraki had claimed that he had examined the brain of the deceased and sliced into it, thereby determining the cause of death. But when Dr. Cassin examined the brain a day later, he found that Green's brain was intact. This would not be possible if the brain had been sectioned.

Moreover, though Dr. Jiraki testified at the trial that the amount of cocaine in Green's body (determined to be .50) was insignificant and insufficient to cause death, several months earlier, in July 1992, he had ruled somewhat differently in the death of another black suspect who had died after multiple blows to the head administered by police officers (who in that case were also black). In the earlier case, that of James Brooks, who weighed 45 pounds more than Green, Dr. Jiraki held that the cause of death was "cocaine addiction." The level of cocaine in Brooks' body was .38, rather less than the level in Green's. Neither Green nor Brooks suffered any skull fracture, nor any swelling of the brain or lung edema, but both had the enlarged hearts often associated with drug abuse. Brooks had consumed no alcohol, but Green had. If it was possible for a smaller amount of cocaine to cause the death of a heavier man who had not been drinking, then it should have been possible for cocaine, and not the blows from Nevers' flashlight, to kill Malice Green, who had alcohol in his system.

None of these facts emerged at the trial. Though it was known that a second autopsy had been performed, the judge didn't allow that to get in the way of what was obviously a witch hunt. Even so, there was testimony from three other medical experts that challenged the blunt force trauma theory. Two forensic pathologists testified that cocaine and alcohol definitely contributed to Green's death, and a neuropathologist testified that "absent the blows this man would have died anyway. . . . Blunt force trauma was definitely not the cause of this man's death." The blows to Green's head, she testified, were superficial. This testimony alone ought to have established reasonable doubt.

But reasonable doubt is no longer a valid legal principle in the trial of white policemen charged with the murder of a black. Both Nevers and Budzyn were convicted and sentenced, Nevers to 12 to 25 years and Budzyn to 8 to 18 in prison, terms they are now serving. Their appeals for a mistrial have been denied by local courts, and they are now appealing to the Michigan Supreme Court. While the case evaporated quickly as a national news story, it continues to excite attention in Michigan. It remains to be seen whether antiwhite forces can prevent further appeals from being heard or some reasonable facsimile of justice from being served.

But even as they prepared their appeals last summer, the *New York Times* and an army of other newspapers were rehearsing the story of "black journalist" Mumia Abu-Jamal, awaiting execution in Pennsylvania for the murder in 1981 of a white police officer in Philadelphia. The evidence against Abu-Jamal is overwhelming, to the point that even most of his acolytes don't even claim he is innocent, but because of some supposed irregularities at his trial and the adroitness of his legal and public relations cohorts, there was a worldwide movement, instigated in this country by the *Nation* among others, to get him a new trial. In the event, Mumia survived, mainly because the court system renders the execution of convicted murderers all but impossible within a generation. Laugh if you will at the belief among blacks that O.J. is innocent, but the silliness of that notion pales next to what the white left has persuaded itself to believe in the case of Abu-Jamal.

But there is no worldwide movement, or even a neighborhood rally, for a new trial for Nevers and Budzyn, nor for the Los Angeles Four, nor for any of the other white victims of black criminals and their Afro-racist allies. Antiwhite forces and their white allies have no problem mounting nationwide or worldwide campaigns as part of the race war they want to instigate, but the absence of any resistance among whites or even of much consciousness of what is happening suggests who will be the victor when that war is over. c

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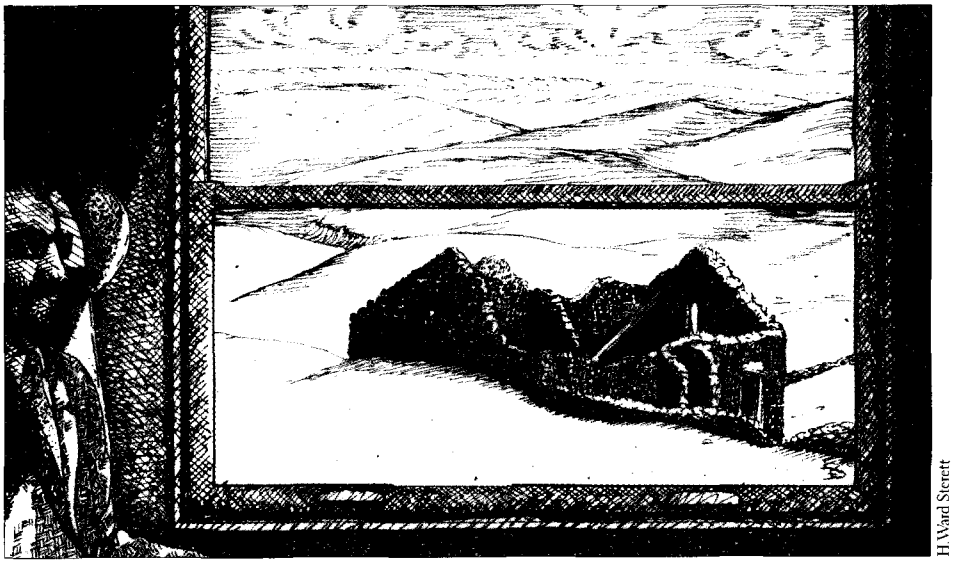

H Ward Sterett

The Winter of Scottish Discontent

by Thomas Fleming

"The miller's daughter walking by
With frozen fingers soldered to her basket
Seems to be knocking
Upon a hundred leagues of floor
With her light heels, and mocking Percy and Douglas dead,
And Bruce on his burial bed,
Where he lies white as may
With wars and leprosy,
And all the kings before
This land was kingless,
And all the singers before
This land was songless . . . "

—Edwin Muir, "Scotland's Winter"

Rockford in July seems an unlikely place and time to hold "The First Annual Highland Games" unless it were in obedience to the biblical admonition that "the first shall be last." The temperature was in the 90's throughout the day, with a humidity that made the Upper Midwest seem like New Orleans, except for the absence of French food, jazz, fun. I did not know whom to feel sorrier for, the clean-limbed girls taking part in the Highland fling contest, the close-cropped shot-putters forking bags of hay over a bar and flinging what looked like telephone poles over their shoulders, or the middle-aged men in Jacobite costume, smashing upon each other's claymores, until the lucky one is allowed to fall down and feign death.

I attended the event with a reluctance that had little to do with the weather: I dislike historical reenactments even more than recreated European castles in Disney World or tinker-toy reconstructions of colonial villages, and even worse than the reenactments themselves is the desperate attempt to create an impression of ethnic authenticity. The effect of most ethnic festivals is about as convincing as a St. Patrick's Day parade or an Irish Spring commercial. The whole Scottish thing—bagpipes and kilts, single malt whiskies and Sir Harry Lauder—was manufactured for the consumption of English tourists and the worldwide Scottish community in exile, many of whose ancestors were tee-totaling Presbyterians who, as Edwin Muir put it, had "the bitter wit to fell the ancient oak of loyalty, and strip the peopled hill and the altar bare, and crush the poet with an iron text."

Despite the heat I put on my tartan necktie and take my children and my skeptical dog Davy (a Scottish terrier named after the philosopher Hume). Against my better judgment, I am be-

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ginning to enjoy myself, and remarking to my children that this Scottish festival is much more entertaining than the local Festa Italiana, my daughter suggests that it may be because I'm Scottish and not Italian. We wander by the tents set up by various clan societies. Clan Douglas is there, inevitably, but as I am on the point of telling the kids that our own clan (whose society I had only learned of the week before) would never stoop to this, one of them shouts, "Look, Dad, there's a tent for Clan Murray."

I have never checked into our family's claim to be a sept of the Murrays, though Flemings have played a prominent role in the history of that clan (nor have I ever verified the even vaguer claim that my father's mother, *née* Smith, was actually a McFarlane). The ladies manning, or rather womanning the little tent are very kind and speak warmly of what clan membership means to them—the significance of clan loyalty comes up repeatedly during the festival—and I am tempted, if only for the sake of my deracinated children, to fill out the membership forms and stake a claim, if not to be someone, at least, to have been something once. All this ethnic rigmarole appeals to a deeper sense than nostalgia. Perhaps it helps us Americans to reacquire a sense of national identity, a sense that is not supplied by our Jacobin holidays—July 4, Veterans Day, and the fourth Thursday of November that is now called "Turkey Day." Perhaps these clan-gatherings and folk festivals, however artificial, should not be judged for what they are not, which is anything to do with the real world, but for what they are, which is something like a school whose very formality and artificial simplicity are conditions that make possible the metamorphosis of children into human beings; perhaps before we can actually be anything, we must play at being something we are not yet.

Like many great nations, Scotland is a product as much of the imagination as it is of battles and policies, and the modern traveler unfortified by poetry may find little more than vistas to admire. I had been putting off the trip for more than two years, when, driving down the street in Rockford, I turned on the radio and heard Max Bruch's *Scottish Fantasy*—"an omen," I remarked to my unsuspecting wife. On the train from London I sit beside a perpetual student who carries his management texts ostentatiously in a Montpellier bag and spends the day dramatically chewing his left thumbnail. By the time we reach York, I begin to fear he, like his country, is down to the knuckle. Newcastle seems grim, only the cathedral spire catching the sun gives a hint of anything better, and a Scottish passenger comments, as our train is halted on the bridge, "Enjoy the view of lovely Newcastle."

Crossing the border is almost an event. "Where's the customs officers?" cracks another Scottish wit. But whether it is God or nature or merely the effect of man, the landscape changes immediately; the ground swells to peaks of grassy scarp and here and there we see the sea, and feeling like one of Xenophon's soldiers I begin to wish I had not booked a room in Edinburgh. Arriving at Waverley Station, I set off with determination in the wrong direction down Princes Street. Turning around, I sit beneath the statue of Walter Scott and consult the map. Retracing my steps, I lug my bags the long way around up to Royal Terrace, and unsure of my way up Calton Hill, I stop at a little trailer with a round-the-clock vigil demanding a Scottish Parliament. The young nationalist inside has trouble interpreting my accent, but his directions (accurate but rather too precise to be useful) put me on the right course, which takes me past the phony Greek ruin that inspired Douglas Young's "Winter Homily."

Edinburgh is altogether the best city in Britain, more like Paris or Brussels than London. Modern development has, for the most part, eaten only into the fringes—though there is a hideous concrete box in the Canongate a stone's throw from Holyrood. The medieval streets of the old town seem genuinely old and perhaps even menacing—drugged-up punks with pink and green hair and dangling earrings seem more at home here than in New York or London. The New Town is also impressive, with its rational air and faith in progress, although the Hanoverian street names must have seemed intolerable to Jacobite ears: Hanover, Brunswick, George, Frederick—even the King, Queen, and Prince's streets are named after the wrong kings, queens, and princes, the same family that in every generation has succeeded in producing that bright and charming set of royals without whom England would just not be England.

Scotland, at least since the 14th century, has been defined by its struggle with England, and the Scottish watchword has always been: freedom. Archdeacon Barbour prefaced his epic poem *The Bruce* with this invocation: "A! fredome is a noble thing, / Fredome mays man to haiff liking, / Fredome all solace to man giffis, / He levys at es that frely levys. / A noble hart may haiff nane es . . . "

Blind Harry summed up William Wallace's career as a struggle for freedom: "Thus Wallace thrys has maid all Scotland fre," and King James I, abducted and held prisoner by the English for 18 years, complained in "The Kingis Quair": "The bird, the beste, the fish eke in the see / They lyve in fredome everich in his kind; / And I a man and lakkith liberte." How to preserve the Scottish nation has been the grand theme of Scottish poets ever since independence was surrendered by the Act of Union engineered by a Scottish elite class that traded national liberty for personal gain. Burns, in his own version of a popular song, complained: "What force or guile could not subdue, / Thro' many warlike ages, / Is wrought now by a coward few, / For hireling traitors' wages."

And there are Gaelic poems that are far more bitter: "If I had my way," wrote John McDonald of one of the commissioners who negotiated the act, "I would melt your gold payment, pour it into your skull till it reached to your boots." Burns could go from Jacobite sympathies to Jacobin enthusiasm without, apparently, seeing a contradiction—just as more recent nationalist poets like MacDiarmid and my own mentor, Douglas Young, often expressed their nationalism in a leftist language—because for the nationalist left and right are mere ploys or stratagems that serve the higher cause of the nation.

The Scottish love of liberty was no mere obsession of poets. In 1320, the Scots lords who followed Robert Bruce signed a formal protest to Pope John XXII who had excommunicated King Robert and his people for daring to stand up to England. After a brief and mythic history of their ancestors who had settled in Scotland, which "they now hold in freedom from all vassalage," they describe the depredations of Edwards I and II—"sparing nor sex nor age nor priestly orders"—and go on to declare that "By the Providence of God, the right of succession, those laws and customs which we are resolved to defend even with our lives, and by our own just consent, he is our King." Most remarkably, these noblemen go on to insist that their loyalty is to their nation and not to their King: "Yet Robert himself, should he turn aside from the task that he has begun, and yield Scotland or us to the English King and people, we should cast

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out as the enemy of us all, as subverter of our rights, and should choose another King to defend our freedom: for so long as a hundred of us are left alive, we will yield in no least way to English domination. We fight not for glory nor for wealth nor honours: but only and alone we fight for Freedom, which no good man surrenders but with his life." In her pamphlet "On the Declaration of Arbroath," Agnes Mure Mackenzie wrote: "There, clearly put, *is the basic principle of right government*—to guard at all costs the fundamental thing that is the condition of full human life."

The pamphlet was given me by Owen Dudley Edwards, who was kind enough to spend an afternoon walking me through the streets of Edinburgh. Owen, as a true Chestertonian, supports all Celtic independence movements, and at his suggestion I go to visit the headquarters of the Scottish National Party.

The SNP, as might be expected, is weakest in Edinburgh. The bar in my little hotel on the back of Calton Hill (dear reader, I am as thrifty as a Scot when I am spending your money) is the neighborhood watering hole, where the talk is about everything but politics—small wonder, since many of the neighbors are Tories. My host is a genial man and speaks with affable contempt of Scottish nationalism, and none of his customers sees anything but a welfare scheme in its demands for economic justice. This is the Tory argument one reads regularly in the *Telegraph*: Scottish nationalism is only a combination of welfarism and oil greed; true Scotch patriotism is dead and gone, and there is hardly a sincere Scot in the SNP. In local elections, the party hardly ran in Edinburgh, and their campaign posters, some of which still remain, do not even list the names of candidates. As one former member told me, the party had written off Midlothian, where people are content with their comfortable status as second-class Britons and deaf to the appeals of nationalism.

SNP headquarters on Charlotte Street symbolizes the problem of any modern political party that represents a national impulse, and the Scots Nats work very hard at being modern and up-to-date. It is hard not to be disappointed. The office is perhaps even more strictly business than, say, DNC headquarters, where the symbols of Jefferson and FDR and JFK might be displayed to lend an air of historical legitimacy. The SNP was founded as an amalgam of previous movements, including the National Party, whose members were described by Christopher Harvie (in *Scotland and Nationalism*) as "a fusion of the sectaries of traditional nationalism, a few Catholic intellectuals, students, journalists, and discontented members of the Independent Labour Party, like Grieve" (a.k.a. the poet Hugh MacDiarmid). For all his narcissism and the real stupidity of his Stalinism, MacDiarmid is not only the most significant Scottish writer since Scott, he is one of the really important poets of the century. In his masterpiece, *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*, he takes up everything from politics to metaphysics, but the real core of the poem is the thistle itself, the symbol of the Scottish nation. Despite the poet's near-fanatical nationalism, he has little use for the ethnic rigmarole: "Ye canna gang to a Burns supper even / Wiout some wizened scrunt o a knock-knee / Chinee turns round to say 'Him Haggis—velly goot!' / And ten to wan the piper is a Cockney." Strange sentiments from a communist.

Another poet-activist, Douglas Young, went to jail rather than allow himself to be conscripted by the English Parliament. In its erratic progress the SNP purged both Young and MacDiarmid and placed the 1320 Club, which the poets had joined, under an interdict, apparently for the subversive activities of some of the club's members. It may be a good sign when the poets and eccentrics are dropped from the rolls of a movement, but it cannot be good that Scotland, so far as poets are concerned, is fast turning into the songless land of which Edwin Muir despaired.

The SNP press secretary is very kind but seems at a loss as to how to help. Unexpected visitors cannot complain of their treatment, and laden down with position papers and the speeches of SNP chairman Alex Salmond, I promise to attend a press conference given the next day in Perth. After an evening spent in reading why Scotland will bloom as a quasi-independent member of the European Union, I rise early and take the train for Perth, but the train is late, and the press conference has broken up by the time I arrive. The SNP appears to combine the efficiency of poets with the imagination of bureaucrats.

With some time to kill before I can pick up a car, I set off to see the sights. I had been reading Scott's *The Fair Maid of Perth*, but I several times walk past the old glover's hall without recognizing it as the house of Scott's heroine. Finally from a parking lot, I look across the street to see an old house with the little plaque, Fair Maid of Perth's House, and in the window a great sign with bold letters: TO LET. Another omen.

The modern Scottish identity is in many ways a creation of Sir Walter Scott. It was he who broke into a room in Edinburgh castle to discover the "Honors of Scotland," and it was he who persuaded George IV to pay a visit to his northern kingdom. Converting the royal family, particularly Victoria to Jacobitism, was an extraordinary accomplishment, considering the last rebellion was as recent as 1745. The harsh treatment given the Highlanders—today we should call the Highland clearances "ethnic cleansing" and the proscription of Highland symbols "cultural genocide"—had left a bitter taste in the mouth of many Scots that even generations of comparative affluence have not entirely rinsed away.

Robert Burns may be Scotland's national treasure—with clubs, dinners, and books of quotations to keep some bit of his memory green—but Scott is both the eponymous hero of Scotland and its epic poet, he is Romulus and Livy and Vergil all in one. Before Scott, the English and most Lowland Scots feared and despised the Donalds who had periodically swept down from the Highlands for booty and honor. After Scott, the Highlander came to symbolize the Scottish nation, and Walter Scott, perhaps more than anyone, is responsible for grafting Highland legends onto Lowland business sense, creating the highly successful trade in tartans and symbolic paraphernalia that continues to attract tourists. "The tartan tred wad gar ye lauch," mocked Robert Garioch. "Your surname needna end in -och; / . . . A puckle dollar bills will aye / preive Hiram Teufelsdroch / a septary of Clan McKay." German-Americans are one thing, but what the Japanese make of all this I do not know, even after listening to them discuss British history with their tour guides.

How much of Scott's legacy remains in Scotland, even outside of Edinburgh, where my landlord is gently witty at the expense of "Sir Walter," I do not know. I stay for several days in Inveraray. It is Easter, and I am frustrated in my attempt to spend the holiday on Iona. Oban, where I go to get a boat, is crowded with drunken Glaswegians who have given up Calvin-

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ist austerity without any perceptible lapse into papist sacramentalism, and my only thought is how to escape the crowds as quickly as possible. Reluctantly accepting the Duke of Argyll's hospitality (he is the owner of the Great Inn at Inveraray, a run-down tourist hotel with a magnificent view of Loch Fyne), I make myself at home in the bar, which is filled with holiday visitors happily spoiling their children. Seeing a local or two at the bar, I leave my comfortable chair and ask for a glass of Highland Park. "That's a good whiskey," I'm told by a slight, older man in work clothes. When I ask what else he and the barman like, the barman recommends Isle of Jura. "You might as well drink acid," says Heggy, as he is called, and after one glass, I conclude that Heggy is a man of mature judgment. He asks what I am doing by myself so far from home, and I tell him I'm in Scotland preparing a magazine issue. "What can you learn in so little time?"

One fair question deserves another, and I ask him what he would tell a stranger about his own country. I prod him, as he hesitates over where to begin, with a question about politics. Far from well-off, Heggy often votes Conservative, on the grounds they are more progressive, but he is fed up with both Thatcher and Major who have ruined the entire country. Only his hatred of Tony Blair would induce him ever to vote for Major. Trying to explain the condition of poor Scotland, Heggy confesses to ignorance. He was never taught Scottish history in school—only a few anecdotes of Bruce and Wallace—all the so-called British history is English history. "Some people think Scotland is a county of England," he shouts, "but we're not." What he knows, he did not learn from books, which he does not trust, but from the old people who, as he says touching his nose with his finger, knew the truth of it.

Easter Sunday I go to church, and until the very end of the service I am not sure whether the church is crackpot Anglo-Catholic or progressive papist: phony Peruvian "hymns," the priest, when he devests, wearing a sweater and T-shirt, a homily that suits the T-shirt better than the vestments, and only the strong smell of whiskey on the breath of all the men striking a more serious note. What strength of character it shows, to drink that much so early in the day.

I spend the rest of Easter getting myself lost, looking for ruined castles. In a steady drizzle I make my way to Dunadd, the ruins of a Celtic fortress that was home to the first Scottish, which is to say Irish, kings of Scotland. After several false "discoveries"—every rock outcropping is a cairn and every cairn a castle: it is an old land, where the very rocks are ancient bones—I take the right road through sheep pastures and across a little brook. I park my car next to a truck and look up at the rocks—"a weary tale, of grass upon a buried town"—where I see a pair of visitors standing, at the very top, as if they were lords of the place. As I draw nearer, I can just make out that they are speaking neither in English nor Scots, and as we pass upon the slope I realize they are speaking Gaelic, whether Scottish or Irish I do not know. Perhaps they are on a pilgrimage. The ruins are meager, but Dunadd is far more impressive than the late Roman forts I have seen in Britain, although the Roman forts are centuries older. But while the Roman imperial camp is evidence of a wonderfully efficient bureaucracy whose very mediocrity was on so high a level that it became civilization itself, Dunadd is peculiar, as if it grew out of this very land and could be transplanted to no other place. Perhaps, if Celts had ever established an empire, they might have succeeded in mass-producing a culture. But I doubt it. Even the faces in this part of Scotland are more distinctive than in the South, as if they were chiseled by a mannerist sculptor on the bottle.

Scotland, like England, is an amalgam of Celtic, German, Scandinavian, and even Mediterranean stocks, but here, the Celtic note—however faintly sounded in the genes—is the tonic. I sometimes wonder if the Celts are not like the ancient Greeks, a people who subvert the conquerors with their music. Even in translation there is something in Celtic poets like Duncan Ban Macintyre and Sorley MacLean that only shows itself in a few English poets: an earthy directness combined with an attention to natural details and an almost uncanny clarity of vision. Perhaps the quality lies in the landscape itself, although that reduction—like most reductions—would only beg the question of why these people have chosen to live where they live. Momcilo Selic says that you can always spot landscapes that would appeal to a Celt: the Scottish and Bosnian Highlands, the cliffs of Nova Scotia, the glens of the Smokies and the Ozarks.

> The tragedy of Scotland—like the tragedy of America—is not that there are too few people writing what is called poetry, but that there are so few poets who can give life to the nation.

If Celts had any sense, they would hole up in their glens and bid defiance to the world, but in the end they always fall in with the grand strategies of their leaders and end up displaced, like the Highlanders after the '45, dispossessed like Mary Stuart, or disemboweled like Sir William Wallace. With any sense, they might not have followed General Lee into Pennsylvania or charged like madmen at Gettysburg; with any sense they might have told Bonnie Prince Charlie that they would not follow him into England (least of all to London); they would have insisted upon a repudiation of the Act of Union, and would have sworn loyalty to his father as King of Scotland on the same terms used by the signers of the Declaration of Arbroath, but it was in vain that Lord George Murray argued that the Highlanders, although they could not, would not fight for all of Britain, just might have been able to hold the Highland line long enough to attract foreign support. The vanity and ambition of the Stuarts was always their undoing, and the '45 put an end to something far greater than their pretensions to royalty: it put an end to all hopes for an independent Scotland.

I know so little of war, not even the little that can be learned from books, that I ought to avoid even the strategy of hindsight. Walking over the vast and gently swelling field of Culloden Moor, I can only with the greatest difficulty imagine what the battle was like. I am more moved by the little monuments

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to the clans that mark the spots where their men fell. The dignified and pious stones set up by faithful relatives stand in strong contrast with the ugly modern signs written in an ambiguous language calculated neither to offend nor inspire. A father tries to explain to his son how members of the same family could be on different sides, and the boy comes up with the analogy of how he and his brother support different football teams. Perhaps fan loyalty is as close, in modern Scotland, as one can get to clan loyalty.

Looking out across the field, from the Culloden monument, I am surrounded by another family from somewhere near Edinburgh, the children all dressed in baggy pants and backwards baseball caps (there are, by the way, Scottish rappers), and it occurs to me that it is not American military power that rules the world, nor even the power of American business: what conquers all, today, is the collective force of 250 million consumers whose mass-produced vulgarity saps and subverts the vitality of every human community that still has blood and breath in it. Disgusted to find Disney and Nike at Culloden, I begin to turn away, when one of the kids asks his father: "If the Jacobites were over there, then the government soldiers over there (pointing to the right), they were for Scotland?" "No, dear," replies the father, "the Jacobites fought for Scotland." The boy, persisting, actually wanting to know: "Then if I, if we, were back then in the 1800's . . . "

"The 1740's," interjects the father.
"In the 1700's, which side would we have been on?"
"With the Jacobites, of course."
"But my friend Christopher, he's English. Would he have fought on the bad side?"

The father is noncommittal. Christopher could become a Scot by living in Scotland: then he too might qualify as a Jacobite. Besides, he added, "There are lots of Americans with Scottish names, but just because your name is Scottish doesn't make you a Scot." No, but what does? There are lots of people in Edinburgh who feel themselves to be more British than Scottish, who really do seem to believe that Scotland is an English county. But here is a family, whose ancestors, if they had any political opinions in the 1740's, probably feared the Highlanders, resented the Prince, and supported the current German lout on the English throne; and yet here they are, despite 250 years of English propaganda masquerading as British history, convinced that the Jacobites were the only true Scots. Some years ago I wrote in *National Review* that, on the principle that the victors always write the history, the South won the War Between the States. And if history, not the pap that is regurgitated and spat in children's mouths by history teachers, but if real history is to be the criterion, then the Jacobites triumphed in the '45.

Burns and Scott, Hugh McDiarmid and Douglas Young knew something that the present leadership of the Scots National Party will have to learn, if they are ever to get anything better for Scotland than a bigger piece of British tax revenues. In a very real sense a nation exists only in its songs and legends. The differences that separate social classes and regions even in tiny Scotland could never have been bridged without poetry, and the attractions of England or France would always have seduced aristocrats and intellectuals into foreign allegiances, if not for literary traditions that go back to Barbour, Blind Harry, and Gavin Douglas. The tragedy of Scotland—like the tragedy of America—is not that there are too few people writing what is called poetry, but that there are so few poets who can give life to the nation. Before there can be a useful political revolution in either nation, there must first come that beating of the heart that can only be stirred by the poet.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land!

If Scott's lines sound tinny and false to us today, it is not because they offend our finely tuned ears but because we are deaf to the music of the nation, and we are afraid to be caught out, loving anything better than our comfort. Poetry calls us to something beyond ourselves and better, and if another Scott or MacDiarmid comes to the Scots or to some fragment of America, we had better listen.

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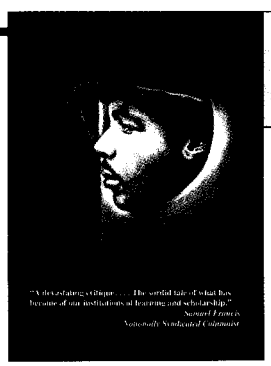

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Scots Nationalism, Yesterday and Today

by Michael Hill

"If you were to judge as I do, you would not readily place your neck under a foreign yoke."

—William Wallace

H. Ward Sterett

As we approach the millennium, Celtic nationalism threatens to rip apart the United Kingdom. After nearly 250 years of English-imposed centralism, the Scots are reasserting their cultural identity and using it as the foundation of a nascent nationalist independence movement. Though they and their Celtic cousins, the Irish and the Welsh, were defeated by the modern English state and subjected to London's overlordship, the experience of defeat sharpened their sense of identity and made it impossible to assimilate them into the British national polity. How far or how fast the Scots are willing to push devolution remains to be seen. Because of the historical and cultural connections between Scotland and America, the success or failure of the Scots' campaign for self-determination (or to be less polite, for secession) ought to ring familiar and be of more than just passing interest to their kinsmen on this side of the Atlantic.

To the same people and for the same reasons, the story of the destruction of old Scotland should be told often and well. When Confederate President Jefferson Davis at his 1861 inauguration asked that the South be "let alone," his plea was not new. It had been made over a century earlier in the Highlands of Scotland, when that premodern, traditionalist society was confronted by a rising modern state. Both the antebellum South and old Scotland were branded anachronisms and slated for extermination in the names of "progress" and "union." Materially superior enemies destroyed them in the trenches at Petersburg in 1865 and earlier on the killing fields of Culloden in 1746, and in the wake of overwhelming triumphs the victors molded the Anglo-Celtic world into a new shape. We, on the verge of the new millennium, must judge their results: deracinated international consumers, incapable of self-government—veritable "nowhere men."

Premodern Scotland (as well as Celtic Ireland and Wales) was a "nation" in the biblical and historical sense, meaning a people, rather than a state. The Gaelic north and west and the Episcopalian northeast nourished an organic rural society in which extended kinship groupings (clans) exercised local self-rule. The dominant clans and "Highland line" families were the focus of an informal, private social organization that increasingly was threatened by its opposite to the south: the modern, public state. By the latter half of the 16th century, the struggle between these contending polities marked a new phase in Scotland's history.

Before the extension of modern government into the Highlands and northeast, the clan kept order, produced most of the goods it consumed, educated its young, provided care for the old and infirm, and most fundamentally, took responsibility for its own defense. Indeed, the right to self-protection was central to most premodern societies and entailed widespread possession of arms as well as strong moral sanctions against aggressors within and without. When these conditions are met, men have no need of external government. The Highlanders only tolerated monarchical government for an obvious reason: the king was no more than the nominal "father" of his people, a distant chief whose physical power did not extend into their mountains and glens. The Highland chiefs and the northeastern lairds, influenced not at all by, as G. P. Insh writes, "the elaborate casuistry of the political philosopher [nor] the 'original contract' with which the Whig sought to justify his disposition of the monarch," expected little from the king in terms of

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physical protection and in return were themselves willing to give but little tribute in taxes or regular service.

The ethos of self-protection that prevailed among the Scots of the Highlands and northeast made them naturally suspicious of unitary government and of the regulated money economy that was overspreading England and the Scottish Lowlands. From the founding of the Kirk of Scotland in 1560 to the demise of the Cromwellian Protectorate a century later, the driving force behind the creation of a commercial empire was a particularly virulent and perverted strain of materially acquisitive Puritanism that manifested itself in the execution of Charles I and the subordination of both Edinburgh and Dublin to the status of provincial administrative centers. Thus a dual challenge to the "Celtic fringe" was clear by the mid-17th century. First, the Stewart monarchy, which most of the Highland clans had fought valiantly to defend in 1644-45, would not be tolerated by the emergent commercial class unless it supported the imperial economic policies of the Cromwellian regime. Second, this modern commercial class became dominant after 1660 and pursued an aggressive policy of internal and external colonization requiring in the initial stage the destruction of the premodern society beyond the thoroughly anglicized Lowlands.

To understand the struggle of old Scotland against an Anglo-Scottish commercial and industrial elite that after 1660 dominated the Lowlands, it is necessary to look into the actions of the Scottish Parliament from 1681 to 1707. In two pieces of legislation in 1681—the Act for Ratifying all former Laws for the Security of the Protestant Religion and the act acknowledging and asserting the Right of Succession to the Imperial Crown of Scotland—we find the direct cause of political and religious bifurcation that contributed greatly to the destruction of the Stewart dynasty and the subsequent Williamite/Hanoverian usurpation that began with the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688-89. But more importantly, we can detect in 1681 the beginnings of the economic misfortunes that were to destroy much of Scotland's wealth and open the way for her loss of political independence through the Act of Union of 1707. The most important economic principles of the 1681 parliament were set forth in the Act for Encouraging Trade and Manufactures. In keeping with the spirit of mercantilism, the Scottish Parliament (like its counterpart in London, which was busy enacting six Navigation Acts from 1651 to 1696) adopted a policy of protectionism that suited the economic needs of the self-serving Lowland merchant class.

The dominant class of Lowland Scotland generally accepted the Revolution Settlement of 1688-89, while the Highland chiefs and Episcopalian lairds of the northeast largely supported the ousted James II. While the Glorious Revolution was virtually bloodless in England proper, violence and treachery exploded in Scotland, as the Jacobites rose in defense of the rightful monarch and for the more immediate cause of Scottish nationalism. The calculated massacre of the MacDonalds of Glencoe in 1692, sanctioned by William III's joint-Secretary in Scotland, alerted the Highlanders to the dark contrivances of the new regime. Unfortunately, such open violence was seconded by alien economic interests—Burke's "sophisters, economists, and calculators"—who cast a cold eye north of the Tweed. In 1693, a junta of London merchants, hoping to find a means of competing with the East India Company, saw Scotland as an avenue to accomplishing their scheme. Though unsuccessful in challenging the hegemony of the East India Company in the subcontinent, the junta captured trading privileges in other areas. In 1695, the crown persuaded the Scottish Parliament to create the Company of Scotland Trading to Africa and the Indies. The Company of Scotland, composed not only of London merchants, but also of a cabal from Edinburgh and Glasgow, was capitalized with £600,000 and received exclusive rights to the trade between Scotland and the Americas. Initially, the company's founders had viewed the African trade as the most lucrative, but under the influence of William Patterson (a prominent Edinburgh businessman and the founder of the Bank of England in 1694), they were steered toward establishing a colonial trading post on the Isthmus of Darien (Panama).

The "Darien Disaster" destroyed Scotland's economic independence and led to her loss of political independence through the Act of Union of 1707. The episode is an instructive commentary on the corrupting influence that money and economic privilege often exert on a nation's political system. Blind greed no doubt motivated many Lowland merchants to seek economic ties with London, and funds for Patterson's Darien scheme were duly subscribed on both sides of the Tweed. But because of legal threats from East India Company merchants (many of whom were MPs), the English subscribers withdrew their support from the venture. Nonetheless, the Scots, convinced by Patterson that the Darien project was still a worthwhile investment, proceeded with the scheme, putting up some £400,000, an amount almost equal to the entire circulating coinage of the realm. For two years (1698-1700), the Scots tried to make the venture work, but bad luck, poor planning, Spanish resistance, and opposition from William III's government led to the loss of 2,000 men and about half of the subscribers' initial investment.

The resultant "Darien Disaster" pushed the monied interests of Lowland Scotland to the brink of insolvency and thus into England's political snares—much as Mexico has been bankrupted as well as bankrolled by NAFTA. Demanding access to English colonial markets in order to make good their losses, the merchants of Edinburgh and Glasgow voiced the strongest incentive for accepting the terms of the Union of 1707. London moved quickly to take advantage of the predicament of those who were about to sell out their countrymen for English gold. In 1702-03, English and Scottish commissioners met at Westminster to discuss the prospects of union. The Scots accepted the Hanoverian succession, as provided for in the Act of Settlement of 1701, in return for vague promises of economic benefits from the English. When the Scots demanded access to lucrative American markets, the English commissioners balked and put the Scots off until all other issues had been decided.

Anglo-Scottish negotiations were given a degree of urgency by the War of the Spanish Succession (1702-14), the Act of Security (which gave Scotland at Queen Anne's death the right to undo the personal union that had been extant since the reign of James VI and I in 1603), and the infamous Alien Act (which threatened the Scots with "alien" status if they tried to enforce the Act of Security against a Hanoverian succession). Consequently, on April 16, 1706, 31 commissioners from each country reassembled in Westminster to consider The Articles of the Treaty of Union. For their acquiescence in a unitary (rather than a federative) system, the Scottish signatories were offered reimbursement for losses suffered from the Darien venture.

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Moreover, the English negotiators were authorized to provide some £400,000 to compensate the remainder of the 1,400 Scottish shareholders in the Company of Scotland.

The terms of the Treaty of Union were kept secret until late 1706, but when Scotsmen learned of this execrable bargain they had no doubt as to its consequences—their country's complete subjugation to England. For one thing, Scotland's Parliament was absorbed into England's (16 Scottish to 190 English peers and 45 Scottish to 513 English MPs). More alarming, however, was the fact that Scotland now was forced to accept responsibility for a truly massive English Public (National) Debt, which was to increase some 500 percent between its inception in 1694 and 1720. In 1707, England's debt totaled some £18 million compared to Scotland's minuscule £160,000 obligation. Few advantages could accrue from such circumstances, except to a small group of Lowland merchants and Whig politicians who stood to benefit economically in the new "British" system.

The treaty passed the Scottish Parliament by a vote of 110 to 69 in early 1707. Those who complained loudest were Jacobites and their supporters in the Gaelic north and west and the Episcopalian northeast. Many historians are quick to label these elements of Scottish society "anachronistic" enemies of progress and free trade, intractable obstacles to rational, modern society. And in answer to charges of bribery and coercion regarding the Union of 1707, which without question are valid, scholars frequently excuse these as acceptable means of conducting business in the 18th century.

The Act of Union of 1707 made it impossible for the Highland chiefs and northeastern lairds to resist encroachments on their way of life except by military means. A call to arms was the only answer to restoring an independent Scottish nation ruled by the rightful branch of the Stewart dynasty. In contrast, Lowland merchants and politicians looked to the Williamite-Hanoverian regime to protect their interests, and this all but assured war. Before 1707 the interests of these two groups need not have been mutually exclusive, as Scotland and England might have opted to undo the personal dynasty that had linked them since 1603. That minority of Scots who wished to take advantage of England's economic opportunities might simply have moved their residences south of the Tweed and asked for denizen status, leaving Scotland, as it were, to patriotic Scots. Instead, they urged union and thereby made it impossible for the majority with differing views of Scotland's destiny to live at peace in the same land.

The union of England and Scotland illustrates what occurs when the forces of modernity confront traditional societies: "an inexorable standardization," as Richard M. Weaver writes, "[that] destroys refinement and individuality." Most non-Lowland Scots held fast to the time-honored virtues of an agrarian, martial people, while the Lowlanders and their English partners by 1700 had shifted their focus toward urban, commercial activities. To be sure, modern economies produced what accurately has been called "the sinews of war," thus allowing England and those in her political ambit to reap the rewards of victory. However, the growing significance in war-making of fiat money and credit, science, and technology increasingly stripped combat of its flesh-and-blood immediacy, and thus of its honor and shame, a process that turned heroes into managers and technicians. An accurate description of the typical Whig responsible for this metamorphosis is given by Mrs. Anne Grant of Laggan (1811):

> With an appellation of comprehensive reproach, they called them Whigs. . . . It was used to designate a character made of negatives: One who had neither ear for music, nor taste for poetry; no pride of ancestry; no heart for attachment; no soul for honor: One who merely studied comfort and conveniency, and was more anxious for the absences of positive evil, than the presence of relative good: A Whig, in short, was what all highlanders cordially hated,—a cold, selfish, formal character.

In marked contrast to the typical Whig in quest of "comfort and conveniency," the Scot dwelling north of the Highland line suffered a degree of material deprivation unfamiliar to most Western Europeans. In possession of a rugged homeland, he learned early the value of a tough physical and mental constitution. His simple existence was coupled with an uncomplicated value system in which courage and honor were as virtuous as cowardice and betrayal were disgraceful. Culture and principle thus worked in tandem to produce in him unshakable devotion to chief, clan, and native soil, even in the face of English grapeshot and canister. Sentiment stimulated him in battle, and he feared dishonor worse than death. Fighting as part of an homogeneous unit where each warrior had grown up in much the same way as his comrades, he paid particular heed to his conduct in combat. Motivation came first from within, but external forces also moved him to perform bravely; a trusty and resolute commander could lead him to storm the Gates of Hell with nothing but cold steel. Indeed, his most eloquent cultural expression was the red bite of a Claymore. Like his Confederate descendants, the ferocity of his attack either quickly won or lost the day; he preferred to risk everything on a single roll of the dice. He was certainly not good material for the stock exchange or the counting house, nor would he have served as an interchangeable cog in Britain's technocratic war machine.

Traditional Scotland, with its agrarian, kinship- and honor-based society, was ill-suited for union with an emerging commercial south committed to developing state capitalist institutions. A rising elite, first appearing in England during the Tudor dynasty and moving north into the Lowlands during the personal rule of the Stewarts, by 1700 stood poised to sweep away the last vestiges of Celtic civilization and replace it with a bastardized English version that would assure quiescence above the Forth and Clyde.

It is correct, I think, to view the series of Jacobite uprisings between the 1680's and 1740's as a struggle between an old civilization determined to maintain a distinct Scottish nation and a new one set on merging the entire British archipelago into an 18th-century version of the New World Order. It is quite clear that during this period the first effects of the Financial Revolution began to reach Scotland. Thus her economy was transformed in such a way that those who could manipulate an increasingly complex system for favors and privileges found themselves with a stake in preserving the Hanoverian Succession—the perceived font of largesse. The day of the manager was at hand, and those who opposed the Hanoverian revolution were viewed as threats to progress and the public weal that must be rooted out and destroyed.

The Highlands and the Episcopalian northeast served as the wellspring of opposition to the Hanoverian dynasty because of their distrust of the new economic and social order stemming

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from the Treaty of Union. Chiefs and lairds feared that their heritable jurisdictions, upheld through baronial courts, would be swept away by the 1707 treaty, despite assurances to the contrary. Traditionally, the lands of each clan were "owned" by the entire body, the chief serving merely as custodian at the sufferance of his tacksmen (notables), who could depose him if he did not rule in the interest of the whole; the new British parliament, however, within a generation had passed legislation making the chiefs and lairds landowners in the English sense, thus giving them sole legal control over their lands. The logical outcome of such a policy became clear after the brutal Jacobite defeat at Culloden in 1746 when thousands of Highlanders were banished in favor of more profitable tenants—sheep.

The ascending forces of modernity perhaps are best seen in the increased efficiency of the British military, whose Scottish campaigns in the first half of the 18th century foreshadowed the terrible concept of total war. There is no better example of the horror visited upon the society of old Scotland than that of "Butcher" Cumberland, whose unconscionable rape of the Highlands in the aftermath of Culloden prefigured Sherman's rampage through the American South over a century later. But the unbridled use of military force by the central government to quell the Jacobite uprisings brought more than indiscriminate bloodshed. Indeed, the loss of the heritable jurisdictions and the destruction of the close-knit relations between chiefs/tacksmen and lairds/tenants compromised the foundation of traditional Scottish society. The old order in the Highlands and northeast, predicated on a sort of Filmerian patriarchalism, could not survive without the means to defend itself from the alien ideologies of the 18th-century version of the New World Order. But the modern British commercial state desired to monopolize the means of violence (at least on a scale large enough to be politically significant), which meant that the chiefs and lairds had to be disarmed and made dependent on a unitary government for protection.

Though government attempts to disarm the more unruly elements of Scottish society can be found during the reigns of James VI and I (1567-1625) and of his grandson, Charles II (1660-85), it was not until the age of Jacobite "rebellion" that royal authorities began to take gun control seriously. After the 1715 uprising, Parliament passed the Disarming Act of 1716, the Preamble to which reads:

> The custom that has too long prevailed among the Highlanders . . . of having arms in their custody and using and bearing them in traveling abroad, in the fields and at public meetings, has greatly obstructed the civilizing of the people within the countries [i.e., the historic regions of Scotland] hereinafter named has prevented their applying themselves to husbandry, manufactories, and other virtuous and profitable employments . . . and has been one of the fatal causes of the late unnatural rebellion.

Though the government's intent was serious in 1716, the act did little to disarm large numbers of Highlanders because there was no way of enforcing the law in the remote north and west. Not until the construction of General Wade's road network into the Highlands in the mid-1720's, the strengthening of royal garrisons such as Fort William and Inverness, and increased naval activity along the Scottish coast was the government able to consider a realistic policy of gun control. But in the Disarming Act of 1725, London was forced to admit that "Many persons within the said shires [mainly in the Highlands] continue possessed of great quantities of arms and warlike weapons."

The quashing of the last Jacobite rising in 1745-46 enabled the government of George II (1727-60) to succeed finally in disarming the Highland clan regiments (which were more like true militia units than were the Black Watch and other government-financed Scottish forces, which were incorporated into the British army). The Disarming Act of 1746 was much more sweeping in its proscriptions and more thoroughly enforced than were the acts of 1716 and 1725. Besides stripping Highlanders and Jacobite Episcopalians of the northeast of their weapons, the 1746 act sought to destroy their culture and economy as well. During the ensuing "reconstruction" of the Highlands, bagpipes and traditional dress were outlawed, and it was mandated that children of the chiefs and lairds be properly schooled by pro-Hanoverian teachers and tutors so as "to prevent the rising generation being educated in disaffected or rebellious principles."

The disarming of Jacobites in 1746 opened the way for the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions (which of course had been guaranteed by the Act of Union of 1707) and the forfeiture of the estates of antigovernment chiefs and lairds. Unlike in 1715 and 1719, when forfeited estates were returned to the rightful owners, the government's seizure of private assets in 1746 was permanent. The reason for the forfeitures was to make the produce of the annexed lands "applicable to the purpose of civilizing the inhabitants . . . of the Highlands . . . the promoting amongst them [of] the Protestant religion, good government, industry and manufactures, and the principles of duty and loyalty to his Majesty." We might now imagine the specter of Mrs. Grant of Laggan's typical Whig tramping across the desolate landscape with his coldly calculating eye fixed on the property of dispossessed and disarmed Scots.

Since 1746, Scotland has been little more than an economic colony of England. In the present century many able-bodied Scots have become pathetic victims of British welfarism, and with a good part of its populace living off the dole, Scotland's chances of effecting a successful separation from Westminster are severely limited. Nonetheless, recent polls indicate that 30 percent of them want full independence from England and that 75 percent favor a separate Scottish Parliament sitting in Edinburgh. But support for self-rule north of the Tweed unfortunately has a hollow ring to it; without question, few Scots—paralyzed politically by the British welfare state and draconian gun laws—pose the threat to London that their fiercely independent forebears did. Rather, most who favor independence from England look outside Scotland for salvation. The leftist majority of the Scottish National Party (SNP), long the most outspoken advocate of self-rule, favors independence "from above"—that is, they want to see the European Union (EU) strip the United Kingdom of its national sovereignty, thus permitting Scotland to form a separate state under the auspices of the EU. However, the SNP will probably find that Brussels makes a more tyrannical master than London.

Scots at the close of the 20th century find themselves forced to advocate independence "from above" because they no longer can muster the will or the means to defend themselves and their property "from below." Their helplessness contrasts with the heroic exploits of William Wallace and Robert Bruce during the Scottish Wars of Independence (1296-1320), an era

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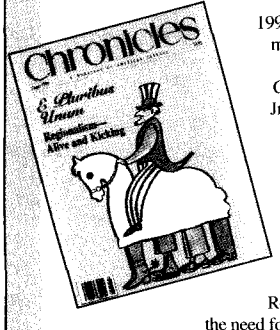
that witnessed inspiring victories against great odds at Stirling Bridge (1297) and Bannockburn (1314) and the subsequent Declaration of Arbroath (1320). That illustrious document, representing the will of the Community of the Realm of Scotland, stated unequivocally that "so long as there shall be but one hundred of us remain alive we will never give consent to subject ourselves to the dominion of the English. For it is not glory, it is not riches, neither is it honor, but it is freedom alone that we fight and contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life." Perhaps it is unfair to expect such self-confidence and brashness from a people who have been beaten down time and again by the English Leviathan.

Unlike Scots in Scotland, Scoto-Americans still can keep and bear arms (at least for the time being) and do so in large numbers. But before the neo-Jacobite descendants of old Scotland drink another toast to the death of tyrants and the salvation of American liberty, we had best recognize our own failure of nerve. Our ancestors, who settled the American frontier and pushed civilization westward in the face of hardship and danger, would never have surrendered their patrimony without a fight. The cultural annihilation we now face in the form of "diversity," "multiculturalism," and the "New World Order," would not have been brooked for an instant by Francis Marion, Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, Andrew Jackson, or Nathan Bedford Forrest.

Unfortunately, few men of that caliber are found today, even among the rougher folk in the South and in the West. It is plain that we lack the spirit of resistance that moved our forebears to defend their ancient liberties. Patrick Henry asked his countrymen to judge whether life was "so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of slavery?" Americans in the 1990's have come to love our luxury too much; we have become slaves to the allurements of modernity. To what purpose do we eat right, exercise, and live to be 100? Is there meaning in life lived purely for the sake of physical gratification? Where are the men who will sacrifice themselves for their God, their family, or their people? Those of us who shrink from the struggle in order to preserve material comforts will learn just how many deaths a coward dies in his allotted three-score and ten—plus a couple of decades tacked on courtesy of the miracles of medical science. If we can learn nothing else from the indomitable Scots, let us at least adopt their motto as our own: *Nemo me impune lacessit* ("No one wounds me with impunity"). C

GREAT TOPICS, GREAT ISSUES



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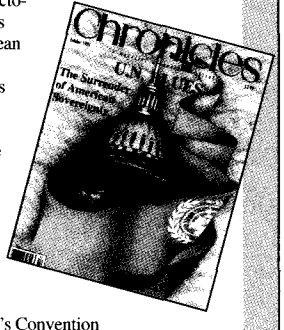

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David Hume and American Liberty

by Don Livingston

H. Ward Sterett

David Hume's *History of England* was one of the most successful literary productions of the 18th century. It became a classic in his lifetime and was published continuously down to 1894, passing through at least 167 posthumous editions. The young Winston Churchill learned English history from an abridged edition known as "The Student's Hume." Yet in the early 19th century, Thomas Jefferson made efforts to ban it from the University of Virginia and to replace it with John Baxter's expurgated version of the work—what Jefferson called "Hume's history republicanized." "This single book," he told John Adams in 1816, "has done more to sap the free principles of the English Constitution than the largest standing army." What Jefferson found intolerable was Hume's subversion of the theory that English liberty is the preservation of an ancient constitution and his argument that the doctrine of natural rights is a philosophical fiction that distorts and subverts political order.

What Jefferson did not and could not have known (because he did not have the letters Hume wrote from 1765 until his death on August 25, 1776) is that Hume was an ardent supporter of American independence. He took this radical position as early as 1768, before the idea of a complete break had occurred to most Americans, including Jefferson. And he came to this conclusion without invoking the philosophical superstition of natural rights or the self-congratulatory whiggish narrative of ancient constitutionalism.

Hume's radical position on American independence shocked his friends. The Edinburgh literati were solidly pro-government. Even the "friends of America," Burke, Wilkes, Barré, Shelburne, Fox, Dartmouth, and Pitt, though sympathetic toward American claims, sought to keep the Americans within the British state. On the issue of American independence Hume stood quite alone among the major British thinkers. In agony, Hume refused his old friend Baron Mure's request to write a letter on behalf of the county of Renfrewshire advising the King to take strong measures against the Americans. "Besides," Hume informed him in October 1775, "I am an American in my principles, and wish we would let them alone to govern or misgovern themselves as they think proper."

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What is surprising about Hume's position is that it seems inconsistent with his strong opposition to the republican "Wilkes and Liberty" movement that racked England off and on from 1763 to 1772. John Wilkes, an engaging libertine and protégé of William Pitt, was convicted of seditious libel in 1763 for satirizing the King's too early conclusion of Pitt's Seven Years' War with France. He fled the country and was declared an outlaw. Returning in 1768, he boldly stood for Parliament from the county of Middlesex in the environs of London, and turned himself in. He won the election, but it was not recognized by Parliament. Though in prison, Wilkes was elected three more times and expelled three times. He played to the mob, and it seemed to Hume and others that the government, already weak, was in danger of collapsing.

Behind the farce of elections, riots, and demagoguery were two issues of civil liberty that gave the cry of "Wilkes and Liberty" some plausibility: the government's right to issue "general warrants" (warrants against unnamed persons) and the rights of electors to send their own representatives to Parliament. These were issues of "English liberties" with which the colonists were readily sympathetic. "The Sons of Liberty" at the Whig Tavern in Boston, which included John Adams, sent gifts to Wilkes, and one of their members, William Palfrey, wrote in 1769 that "the fate of Wilkes and America must stand or fall together." Counties and towns in the colonies were named after Wilkes. Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, was named after him and Isaac Barré (another "friend of America" and, incidentally, a friend of Hume). The colony of South Carolina voted £1,200 to help with Wilkes' legal expenses.

The apparent inconsistency in both supporting American independence and rejecting "Wilkes and Liberty" was well conveyed by Hume's biographer J.Y.T. Greig: "How could the same man, and at the same time, be both Edmund Burke and George III? How could he defend the Colonists in North America for their resistance to the arbitrary power of King, ministers, and venal House of Commons, and yet attack the Old Whigs, the Patriots, the Wilkites, and democratic radicals of every sort for trying to resist the same agencies at home?" Hume's position, however, was not inconsistent but was the result of a coherent philosophical and historical account, gained over a lifetime, of the emerging ideal of liberty in European civ-

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ilization and especially in Britain.

Hume was a lifelong republican, and in the essay "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth," he even sketched out an ideal republic which had a considerable influence on the federalism of Madison and Hamilton. But Hume did not think that monarchy was an illegitimate form of government. The civilizing forces of modernity had improved the character of monarchies and republics so that property and the rule of law were about as secure, he thought, in the "absolute" monarchy of France as in republics. Whether a modern state should be monarchical or republican was, for Hume, an open question. In the case of Britain, however, he was convinced that constitutional monarchy would, for some time, be the best arrangement. And it was, in part, for this reason that he opposed the Wilkes movement, which contained subversive republican themes. Indeed, the British constitution already contained a strong republican element, and Hume thought that, should monarchy collapse in Britain, the republic that would emerge would resemble more the oppressive republic of Cromwell than a regime of ordered liberty. "Such Fools are they," he wrote his nephew in 1775, "who perpetually cry out Liberty: and think to augment it, by shaking off the Monarchy."

Just what kind of republic Britain might become was intimated in the phenomenon of William Pitt, who had framed a vision of a great mercantile empire based on an invincible British naval force. Neither the young George III nor the indolent Whig magnates shared this vision, but it had enormous appeal to the commercial classes centered in London. Pitt, by tying it to eloquent speeches about British "Liberty" and French "Slavery," was able to touch nationalistic sentiments and endow the vision with a certain moral grandeur. The empire began to take shape with the Seven Years' War, largely conceived and engineered by Pitt himself. We may think of this as the first world war, insofar as it was a scene of coordinated engagements fought all over the globe. French sea power received a blow from which it never recovered, and when the smoke cleared, Britain possessed Canada and had increased its empire east and west. But George III ended the war before Pitt's plan was complete. This threw Pitt into bitter opposition, and he turned to his power base: the commercial interests centered in London. It was to this popular audience outside Parliament that Pitt's speeches *in* Parliament were directed, prompting Samuel Johnson's quip that whereas Walpole was a minister given by the King to the people, Pitt was a minister given by the people to the King.

John Wilkes was a protégé of Pitt and had joined him in opposition. It was his satirical treatment of the King's pacifist policy toward France and of the Scottish Lord Bute's corrupting influence on the young King that drew the charge of seditious libel. Wilkes' arrest and conviction led to protests among the London commercial interests who had supported Pitt's war policies. It was this audience to which Wilkes appealed upon his return as an outlaw, and it was this audience that four times sent him to Parliament and was outraged each time he was expelled. During the nearly decade-long "Wilkes and Liberty" riots, there was dark talk of overthrowing the monarchy. The King and his ministers were openly insulted not only by the populace but by the mayor of London and other leading officials. On one occasion, 500 constables were needed to escort the King to Parliament.

London was clearly radical and republican in its sentiments and, in Hume's view, had become a kind of republic within the realm which threatened to topple the monarchy and dominate the whole. Hume was opposed to this for a number of reasons. The republic that would emerge would be a vast mercantile republican empire centered in London and founded on Pitt's policy of commerce by war. Hume was opposed to this for a number of reasons.

First, he had argued in his philosophical and historical writings against governments comprehending a vast territory, or what were called in the 18th century "empires." "Extended governments," he said, "soon become absolute" and a "large government is accustomed by degrees to tyranny." Further, he thought that republican empires were more oppressive than monarchical. The reason is that the King has an interest in treating his subjects as equals. Republics, however, require homogeneity and majority rule. The "people" are sovereign in a republic. When a republic takes on the form of empire, a distinction must be made between the true "people" and the provinces. Such a government "will be sure to contrive matters, by restrictions on trade, and by taxes, so as to draw some private, as well as public, advantage" from the provinces.

Hume compares the oppressive treatment of Corsica, when it was under the republic of Genoa, with the milder treatment it received after being conquered by the French monarchy. Closer to home is the oppression of Ireland by Britain. Strictly speaking, Britain is not a republic, but the republican element has so hedged in the monarchy as to make it virtually one. The oppression of Ireland, Hume thinks, is especially remarkable because "being in good measure, peopled from England," one would expect it to receive "better treatment than that of a conquered province." He thought the same was true of the American colonies.

A republican mercantile empire tends toward centralization and consolidation of all independent political life. All powers gravitate to the capital with the inevitable tendency to absolutism. "Enormous cities," he wrote, are "destructive to society, beget vice and disorder of all kinds, starve the remoter provinces, and even starve themselves, by the prices to which they raise all provisions." This natural tendency of mercantile empires is made worse by the late 17th-century discovery of public credit, a practice Hume adamantly opposed and about which he wrote a brilliant "public choice" type criticism in the essay "Of Public Credit." One effect of public credit is that it enriches the power and privileges of the city at the expense of the provinces. And in the case of republics or limited monarchies, the "immense greatness" of cities "under a government which admits not of discretionary power, renders the people factious, mutinous, seditious, and even perhaps rebellious." This observation was published in 1752, four years before the outbreak of Pitt's Seven Years' War. The nation was left with an unprecedented public debt and a vast mercantile empire to protect from a humiliated France, which meant further wars and more debt. It was to pay for this debt that Parliament turned to the colonies as a permanent source of revenue. The expanding empire and the cost of financing it had increased the power and independence of London beyond what Hume could have imagined in 1752, when he had already judged that "the head is undoubtedly too large for the body."

Far from being inconsistent, then, Hume's support for American independence and his rejection of "Wilkes and Liberty" are two aspects of the same criticism of the British polity. Hume defended the integrity of provincial life as the cradle of

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moral character. He opposed the ever-increasing centralization and consolidation demanded by the modern state. The commercial interests centered in London, which was the base of support for Pitt and Wilkes, were the hub of a vast mercantile empire conducted by war and financed by public debt. Hume opposed big cities, big government, empire, mercantile wars, and public credit. His solution was to reduce the size of all these enormities by dismantling the empire east and west and by following a policy of free trade. In July 1768, when "Wilkes and Liberty" was in full swing, Hume entertained a fantasy that ties together the themes just mentioned: "These are fine doings in America. O! how I long to see America and the East Indies revolted totally & finally, the Revenue reduc'd to half, public Credit fully discredited by Bankruptcy, the third of London in Ruins, and the rascally Mob subdu'd." Over a year later, the same fantasy appears in a letter to Strahan: "Notwithstanding my Age, I hope to see a public Bankruptcy, the total Revolt of America, the Expulsion of the English from the East Indies, the Diminution of London to less than a half, and the Restoration of the Government to the King, Nobility, and Gentry of this Realm." Hume's strong opposition to empire was shared by Francis Hutcheson and Adam Smith, the other founders of the Scottish Moral Sentiment school of ethics, but that is another story.

He did not think that American independence would much affect British manufactures. "A forced and every day more precarious Monopoly of about 6 or 700,000 Pounds a year of Manufactures, was not worth contending for," and Britain could "preserve the greater part of this Trade even if the Ports of America were open to all Nations." Not only was war unprofitable, Hume did not believe that it could be won; or if it could, that the Americans could be held by anything but a scorched-earth policy and a reign of terror which a liberty-loving regime such as Britain could neither justify morally nor afford. It is worth quoting in full Hume's sketch of the barbarous path that Britain would have to follow in subduing the colonists: "Arbitrary Power can extend its oppressive Arm to the Antipodes; but a limited Government can never be upheld at a distance, even where no Disgusts have interven'd: Much less, where such violent Animosities have taken place. We must, therefore, annul all the Charters; abolish every democratical Power in every Colony; repeal the Habeas Corpus Act with regard to them; invest every Governor with full discretionary or arbitrary Powers; confiscate the Estates of all the chief Planters; and hang three-fourths of their Clergy. To execute such Acts of destructive Violence twenty thousand Men will not be sufficient; nor thirty thousand to maintain them, in so wide and disjointed a Territory."

This was the path a more ruthless Lincoln would follow, with better success, two generations later in coercing the Southern states (whose economics depended on free trade) back into the high-tariff, protectionist, New York-Chicago industrial axis known as the "American System," i.e., Henry Clay's union of big government with big business. From an economic point of view, the Southern case was stronger than that of the colonies. The new British taxes were not heavy, and there was widespread support for keeping them reasonable. Indeed, the famous tea tax was so contrived that, even with it, the colonist paid less for tea than the English. The colonies seceded not because of exploitation but because of the prospect of it. The South seceded because of both. Most American exports came from the South, which exported about three-fourths of what it produced. According to antebellum Northern economists, the South accounted, at times, for three-fourths of federal revenue, which contained a surplus most of which a Northern majority appropriated in order to improve its industrial infrastructure. The North could absorb only a small part of what the South produced. The result was a steady flow of wealth from the South to the North. Even worse, Southern trading partners whose manufactured goods were effectively shut out were compelled to look for staples elsewhere, thereby depressing Southern wages.

A form of consolidated mercantilism more severe than anything generated by the London of Pitt and Wilkes triumphed when the army of Northern Virginia was finally brought to bay at Appomattox. The South was not only pinned to the Union with bayonets, its social and political order was totally destroyed in a manner similar to what Hume predicted would happen to the colonies in any successful attempt by a "free state" to coerce them back into the British Union. In addition to 12 years of military occupation, plundering, and ideological "Reconstruction," the tariff was kept at around 40 percent for all but two years until Woodrow Wilson was elected President; and Southern industrial development was discouraged by discriminatory commercial regulations such as the pricing of steel and freight charges that discriminated against Southern manufactures. The South had a flourishing economy in 1860. The Confederate States had the third largest economy of any nation on the European or American continent. It led every nation in the world in per capita railroad mileage except the North. Under discriminatory trade and taxing policies, the South became a colony of a Northern industrial republican empire. As the North industrialized, the number of farms during the period up to 1930 steadily decreased. In the South, the number actually *increased*. But these were tenant farms, offering little more than a form of serfdom. In 1860, some 80 percent of farms in the Deep South were operated by owners; by 1930 only 37 percent were owned, and most of these were heavily mortgaged. Many of the unjust regulations leading to these conditions were finally declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court in the 1940's.

These were just the sort of discriminations that Hume said a republican empire would contrive "by restrictions on trade, and by taxes, so as to draw some private, as well as public, advantage from their conquests." Indeed there is a way in which Hume's political philosophy predicts the collapse into civil war of the sort of regime the United States had become by 1860.

In his essay "Idea of a Perfect Commonwealth," Hume argues against the traditional doctrine that republics can exist only in a small territory such as a city-state. On the contrary, he believes that the best republic would be an extended one, and he sketches out a national regime composed of "county republics" similar to the "ward republics" of Jefferson's ideal regime. Hume's extended republic is not inconsistent with what he said against large government over a vast territory. Government of this sort he calls "empire," and the extended republic falls considerably short of that. He limits it to the size of England or France. However, the confederation of American states in 1787 *was* an empire. And everything he wrote on politics points to an argument against consolidating a vast political order of that sort into a single nationalist regime. Insofar as inferences can be drawn from political principles, it is reasonable to think that Hume would have supported the Articles of Confederation as a

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solution to the problems of macro political order and that he would have been an Antifederalist in 1787.

Every worthwhile theory of the ideal state contains a story about how it will collapse. Hume fixes on two distempers in modern politics which, if not checked, will subvert the liberty of the extended republic. One is ideological fanaticism, and the other is the tendency of modern states to unite war and commerce into a project of imperial expansion. To counter this latter tendency, Hume wrote into the constitution of the extended republic "a fundamental law against conquests." He warned that "extensive conquests, when pursued, must be the ruin of every free government; and of the more perfect government sooner than of the imperfect; because of the very advantages which the former possess above the latter." As the extended republic expands, two contrary tendencies are generated: one toward secession and the other toward an oppressive consolidation by one section over the others. By 1850, in less than 50 years, the United States had swollen to some 12 times its original size. It was time either to renegotiate the union of so vast a territory with such different and conflicting interests or for one ambitious and powerful section to conquer and consolidate the rest into its own image, thereby generating what Hume had theorized as the worst form of modern government: a republican empire.

When the "free state" of Britain faced this tension between secession and consolation in its far-flung territories after 1763, it chose consolidation, and the Americans seceded. Lincoln, in his refusal to receive Confederate Commissioners, and consequently in his refusal to negotiate a trade treaty and payment for federal property so that commerce would receive little disruption, also chose consolidation and coercion. Hume, however, favored secession. As he put it to his astonished friend William Strahan in October 1775: "Let us, therefore, lay aside all Anger; shake hands, and part Friends. Or if we retain any anger, let it only be against ourselves for our past Folly; and against that wicked Madman, Pitt; who has reduced us to our present Condition." But the greatness of mind revealed in this judgment was beyond the venal House of Commons in 1775 and the equally venal Northern Republican Congress in 1860, neither of which could tolerate a policy of free trade and self-government, even though the economic prosperity of neither would have been seriously affected. But as Hume dryly observed, "republics have ambition as well as individuals."

It is ironic that Jefferson had a hand in both of the two sources of destruction that Hume had found to be immanent in the modern extended republic: hubristic expansion and ideological enthusiasm. It was Jefferson who first expanded the republic, and he did so not by the method of concurrent majority that had been used so successfully under the Articles of Confederation to solve conflicts over the Western territories, but by a simple majority of Congress. The New England Federalists were right to insist that the Louisiana Purchase Territory and the admission of Louisiana as a state required at least a constitutional amendment, and they were right also to consider secession as a remedy. To Jefferson's credit, it must be said that, though he was an expansionist, he was no consolidationist; from the first he was willing to consider secession as a remedy to the problem of size. Concerning the New England secession movements of 1803, 1807-1809, and 1812-14, he wrote: "If any state in the Union will declare that it prefers separation . . . to a continuance in union . . . I have no hesitation in saying, 'let us separate.'" But separation did not occur. And expansion continued, following Jefferson's precedent of annexing territories and states by simple majority of Congress, thereby creating new constitutional majorities and minorities. To appreciate just how constitutionally dislocating this could be, imagine what would happen if the United States undertook to incorporate the provinces and states of Canada and Mexico. Would this not lead to either secession movements or greater and more oppressive consolidation? And if it is said that the hypothetical is absurd because such a regime would be too large, the Humean reply must be that the regime was too large in 1850. Hume's extended republic is about the size of a large American state such as Virginia or New York; that 50 and more of these should be consolidated into one "indivisible" republic would have been, for Hume, a new and ingenious form of barbarism.

The second source of collapse is ideology. Jefferson had a rationalist strain that occasionally corrupted his moral and political instincts. He was fond of the philosophic superstition that there are natural rights independent of inherited social condition, a doctrine exploded by Hume in an essay entitled "Of the Original Contract." Jefferson proudly wrote these into the Declaration of Independence. But rationalist doctrines such as natural rights are blank checks on which can be written anything that power, circumstance, audacity, and lack of shame can establish. Lincoln took Jefferson's doctrine that all men are created equal and "incorporated" it into the Constitution as its *telos*, transubstantiating it, by an act of philosophical alchemy, from a fundamental law marking out the division of authority between independent moral and political communities and a central government, created by them for limited purposes, into a consolidated nationalist regime modeled on the French Revolution. In this regime, deracinated individuals, now emancipated from their state and local authorities, could be viewed as a standing reserve of "human resources" for the millenarian project of pursuing an ever-illusive antinomic "proposition" about equality. It never occurred to Jefferson that public speech about ahistorical natural rights could be used to destroy the independent moral and political communities of the states in favor of a consolidated nationalist imperium. How to account for this philosophical innocence?

Rationalism is philosophy in its adolescence. The adolescent seeks self-determination and certainty above all else. And what rationalism yields is *certainty* (we hold these truths to be self-evident); but certainty attaches only to abstractions which are mere aspects of experience and not the whole. Nothing intellectually deep is self-evident. A political philosophy founded on truths self-evident to every adolescent is a politics fit only for adolescents. Unhappily, postbellum American political culture is heavily infected with rationalism in the form of an increasingly left-directed liberalism. This has reduced American political speech to a state of permanent adolescence: natural rights independent of inherited social and traditional obligations; endless "new births of freedom"; the belief that America is not a culture but an "idea," a "proposition country"; that America is an "experiment," or a place where government can be "reinvented"; or a country that can regularly "reinvent" itself. This strange form of self-imposed innocence is difficult for wisdom from the adult philosophical world to penetrate, wrapped, as it conceives itself to be, in the mantle of "reason." Rather than suppress Hume's *History* as an ideological threat to the young Confederation, Jefferson would have done well to study more carefully the subtle and profound criticism of rationalism contained therein. c

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Contingency and Chance in Scottish and American History

by Jeremy Black

H.Ward Sterett

Why did the Americans win and the Jacobites lose? The classic answer is that the Americans represented the future, a future of liberty, freedom, secularism, and individualism. The Jacobites were the past, reactionary and religious, the products of a hierarchical society motivated by outdated dynastic loyalty. This difference was supposedly reflected in their military methods, in a way that explained their respective success and failure. Thus the mass charge of the Scottish Highlanders was seen as anachronistic, bound to fail before the disciplined firepower of British infantry, while, conversely, the individually aimed shooting by American riflemen was seen as superior to the mindless, mechanistic methods of disciplined British and Hessian soldiers. This contrast reflects potent national myths, but it is flawed. It expresses an arrogant hostility to the Jacobites, and particularly the Scottish Highlanders, that is misleading. The analysis also adopts an inaccurate teleological reading of the American War of Independence.

A short article is not the place to offer a rewriting of two wars, but several comparative points are worth underlining. First, the 18th-century British state controlled a formidable war machine, arguably the strongest in the world at that point, and Jacobite failure is no more discreditable or evidence of anachronism than is George Washington's inability to regain New York. Britain controlled the largest navy in the world, had the best system of public finance, was the strongest commercial power, and had recent experience of successful transoceanic operations. Secondly, Britain had a good record in defeating internal insurrections and winning civil wars. Aside from defeating the Jacobite risings in 1715-16 and 1745-46, the British state had also crushed Monmouth's rising in 1685 and Irish opposition in 1690-91, and was to smash the Irish rising of 1798.

The American Revolution, therefore, was the only successful rising within the 18th-century British world. This was not thanks to French participation alone, for the French intervened to assist Scottish and Irish rebels without bringing victory to either. Nor was the factor of distance necessarily crucial. The British had managed to conquer Canada in 1758-60 and were able to act effectively in India, which was then far more distant. Indeed the factor of distance helped the British in one important respect. However unsuccessful they might be in North America, there was no danger of the Americans seizing London as the Jacobites threatened to do in December 1745. Thanks to British naval strength, the American threat could be contained, as it was again to be in the War of 1812. The American privateers were irritants, but no more. The flow of British supplies and soldiers to North America was not cut.

The Continental Navy was a failure. Thus, when the ice on the St. Lawrence broke in early 1776, the British were able to relieve Quebec without hindrance, and in 1778, when Clinton withdrew from Philadelphia, he was able to sail to New York from the New Jersey shore after the battle of Monmouth Courthouse. Indeed, the inability of the Americans, the Jacobites, and the Indian opponents of Britain to mount an effective naval challenge was crucial to Britain's power and helps to explain the importance of French intervention.

In America, Britain's opponents could trade space for time, crucially so in the middle colonies from 1778 and in the South from 1780. The Jacobites and the Irish lacked that space for retreat and maneuver. America was also a more prosperous and populous society, better able to support the strain of protracted conflict than the often harsh terrain of Ireland and Scotland.

Yet, it is clear that victory for the Americans was no more inevitable than it was for the royal army in 1745-46. The heavy casualties that the Americans suffered were a testimony to the severity of the conflict. Although American deaths in battle amounted to about 6,000, the number of probable deaths in service was over 35,000, as a result of casualties in camp and among prisoners. This was 0.9 percent of the population in 1780, compared to near 1.6 percent for the Civil War, 0.12 for World War I, and 0.28 for World War II.

These heavy casualties reflected the fact that there were two stages to the War of Independence. Driving the British out in 1775-76 proved relatively easy, not least because the British

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concentrated their forces in Boston, leaving royal authority to collapse elsewhere with scarcely a struggle: the loyalists were undermined by this foolish policy. However, in 1776, the British sent a major army to crush the revolution and thus began a second stage that was more widespread, bitter, and sustained than had at first seemed likely. This was equivalent to the British riposte after the Jacobite advances in 1715 and 1745, but the Americans had the space and resources to cope, whereas the Jacobites did not. On the other hand, the British base in the British Isles was not exposed to American attack.

Even so, the struggle was more close run than is sometimes made clear in the American public myth which, paradoxically, underrates the challenge posed by Britain and treats its defeat as inevitable, and thus both minimizes the American achievement and detracts attention from the actual details of the conflict. By 1780, the Americans faced growing exhaustion and war-weariness. The limited creditworthiness of Congress and the reluctance of the states to subordinate their priorities and resources to Congress meant that the army had to live from hand to mouth. In January 1781, short of pay, food, and clothes, and seeking discharge, both the Pennsylvania line and three New Jersey regiments mutinied. The Pennsylvania mutiny was ended only by concessions, including the discharge of five-sixths of the men. The episode was a salutary warning to the Revolutionary cause and cannot but give rise to speculation as to what would have happened had the army been obliged to endure another harsh winter without the prospect of a victorious close to the conflict created by Yorktown.

The rifle did not make American victory inevitable. It carried no bayonet, took one minute to load, and an expert to fire it, of which there were relatively few. British muskets could be fired faster and were fitted with bayonets. This absence of a technological gap can be paralleled in the Jacobite case by recent work, particularly by the American scholar Michael Hill, suggesting that the Highland charge should not be dismissed as an anachronistic system of warfare. On September 21, 1745, the Highlanders crushed a royal army at Prestonpans, to the east of Edinburgh. A Highland charge, the formation unbroken by the fire of Sir John Cope's opposing infantry, led the royal forces to flee in panic a few minutes after the first impact of the charge. They only fired one round before the Highlanders, with their broadswords, were upon them. Cope's army was destroyed, taking heavy casualties during the retreat.

The Jacobites were again successful at the battle of Falkirk (January 17, 1746). A Highland charge was again decisive, although the royal troops were also hindered by having to fight uphill, while the heavy rain and growing darkness of a late winter afternoon both wet their powder so that it would not ignite and hindered aiming. It is misleading to separate Jacobite from Western European warfare. Other armies relied on the attack, tactical or strategic. Frederick the Great was a bold general. In 1745 Prussian infantry attacks brought victory over Austro-Saxon forces at Hohenfriedberg, Soor, and Kesselsdorf. These victories appeared to vindicate the commitment to cold steel that had led Frederick in 1741 to order his infantry to have their bayonets permanently fixed when they were on duty. Marshal Saxe, the leading French general of the mid-1740's, was also an exponent of the strategic offensive and close-quarter tactics. The rapidity of his campaigns in Flanders in the summer of 1745 and in Brabant in early 1746 can be compared to the speed of the Jacobite advance. Similarly, Franco-Spanish forces advanced rapidly in northern Italy in late 1745.

Western European warfare is often typecast as slow, limited, and indecisive by reference to lengthy sieges. The Jacobites who lacked heavy artillery, in contrast, are not associated with sieges. Yet, again, the contrast should not be pushed too far. Western European armies could rely on storm as Bavarian, French, and Saxon forces did at Prague in 1741 and the French at Charleroi in 1746 and at Bergen-op-Zoom in 1747, the last the best-fortified position in the Low Countries. Thus, rather than seeing Jacobite warfare as totally different from Western European warfare, as alien, for example, as that of Africans in the late 19th century, it is possible to regard it as an aspect of Western European culture, to place it on a continuum, rather than contrasting it with a rigid model.

The royal forces only won one of the battles in the '45, but it was decisive. At Culloden (April 6, 1746), the terrain suited the defending Duke of Cumberland, and the Jacobite plan for a night attack failed. His artillery and infantry so thinned the numbers of the already outnumbered advancing clansmen that those who reached the royal troops were driven back by bayonet. The general rate of fire was increased by the absence of any disruptive fire from the Jacobites, while the flanking position of the royal units forward from the left of the front line made Culloden even more of a killing field.

The Americans never suffered a defeat as severe as Culloden, although they did suffer serious blows. Charleston surrendered, with 5,500 Continentals, militia, and armed citizens, and what was left of the Continental navy, on May 12, 1780. At Camden on August 6, 1780, Horatio Gates' army was smashed, with the loss of about 800 dead and wounded, as well as 1,000 taken prisoner and the loss of their supplies. Cornwallis had only 300 casualties. These were serious setbacks. They established the British position in coastal South Carolina, and the Americans were not to regain Charleston during the war.

Yet neither blow was fatal. A major strength of the American cause was that it was based on the free association of different communities. Each colony/state had military and economic resources of its own, and a British victory in one part of America had only a limited effect elsewhere. The fall of Charleston did not make that of Boston more likely. Collectively, the American economy was very strong and standards of living high, higher than in the British Isles. Successful capitalism was thus an essential precondition of American independence.

Clearly the middle colonies were more crucial, because of their geographical position. Here again, however, the Americans suffered severe blows, but not fatal ones. In 1776, they were defeated at Long Island and lost New York; in 1777, they were defeated at Brandywine and lost Philadelphia. Yet, in neither case did this lead to the collapse of the revolution. In large part the Americans were helped by the fact that their defeated forces were able to retreat. There was no total loss, as the British suffered when they surrendered at Saratoga (1777) and Yorktown (1781), and the Americans likewise at Fort Washington (1776) and Charleston (1780).

Even had the British achieved a more decisive victory at either Long Island or Brandywine, they would still have had to face an undefeated New England and South. Compared to the Jacobites, the Americans benefited from having a more divided leadership and more military and political autonomy. There is also an instructive contrast with the French Revolution of 1789. Unlike the Jacobites, but like the Americans, the French Revolutionaries were successful in carrying through a seizure of pow-

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er and then defending it from domestic and external forces.

However, there were major contrasts between the two revolutions. Although the Americans and their militia could be quite harsh in their dealings with Loyalists, their treatment was less savage than that meted out to Royalists in France: in America the tumbrels never rolled. American society was less mobilized for war than that of revolutionary France was to be, and more respect was paid to private property and preexisting institutions. This was in part because there was less of a social contest in the American Revolution than in its French counterpart. French local government was reorganized institutionally and geographically, provincial assemblies being a major casualty. In America there was no equivalent centralization; in fact, avoidance of centralization was a principle of American revolutionary ideology. Before their respective revolutions, America lacked a strong identity, other than as part of the British world, certainly nothing comparable with that which France enjoyed, and in America, unlike France, there was to be no source of revolutionary activity able to terrorize those who supported the Revolution but had alternative, less centralist views of how the new state should be organized. Nor was there any comparable attempt to export the revolution, certainly not outside North America. The Americans were free of many of the illusions of the possibility of and need for universality that were to affect so many of the politicians of revolutionary France and many 20th-century American liberals.

The conservatism of the American Revolution thus emerges clearly in contrast with that in France. This conservatism can be seen as crucial both to the success of the American cause—allowing the often differing American regional political cultures to combine and cooperate—and to the definition of the political character of America.

The French revolutionaries adopted a harsher attitude toward the rights, responsibilities, and property of individuals and institutions. They also felt it entirely proper for the state to try to change society, as with the creation of a new calendar and the attack on Christianity. Had the Americans emulated this attitude in order to win, the consequence might have been a very different American public culture, one that stressed the national state more than the individual, obligations more than rights. The ideological underpinnings of the Revolution were so strong that it is possible that the Revolution would have been abandoned by many, if not by most, Americans in the face of such a betrayal of their principles. To a certain extent, the advocates of strong, centralized government in modern America are trying to reverse the crucial political legacy of the struggle for independence.

The Jacobite risings were similarly conservative in contrast to the French Revolution and, in addition, in contrast to the American ideology and practice of freedom. The total failure of the Jacobites stemmed not from their conservatism, but both from the particular geographical circumstances of the conflict and from contingent political and military factors. The Jacobites were badly weakened by their failure to coordinate effectively with French invasion plans in 1744-46. They were also hindered in late 1745 by the lack of substantial support in England when Bonnie Prince Charlie marched south. Furthermore, unlike what happened off the American coast in 1781, the British navy did not lose its maritime superiority.

Against these factors must be set Jacobite success prior to Derby, where on "Black Friday," December 5, 1745, the decision was taken not to march on for London. Aside from the victory at Prestonpans, the Jacobites had also been victorious when they invaded England: Carlisle castle, with its weak defenses and small garrison, surrendered on November 15 and, thereafter, the Jacobites encountered no resistance. As Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Preston, Manchester, and Derby fell without resistance, the fragility of the Hanoverian state was brutally exposed, as it was to be again when royal authority collapsed so readily in America in 1775. As in America, the defense of the Hanoverian regime in 1745-46 had to rely on regulars, who were outmaneuvered both in Scotland and England.

That the Jacobites could have won is one of the interesting conclusions to emerge from a consideration of the strategic situation in December 1745. Separately, both a Jacobite advance from Derby, and the invasion of southern England that the French were planning, were serious challenges. In combination, they could each contribute to the threat posed by the other. Jacobite forces in the London area could have handicapped any attempt to mount coherent opposition to a French advance. The French could have supplied the Jacobites what they lacked: siege artillery, regular infantry able to stand up to British regulars in a firefight, and a secure logistical base.

The failure of the French invasion in 1744, thwarted by the weather, did not mean that their naval power and amphibious capability were not threats in 1745-46. The sole naval battle hitherto in the war, off Toulon in 1744, had been indecisive, leading to bitter disputes between the British admirals and savage parliamentary criticism. Unlike during the next French invasion attempt, in 1759, which was to be smashed by Hawke's victory at Quiberon Bay, there was no British blockade of Brest, the principal French naval base, in 1744-46; while Forbin's success in taking a French invasion squadron from Dunkirk to the Firth of Forth in 1708 indicated the problems of blockading that port successfully. Had Marshal Richelieu's force embarked at Dunkirk on December 17, 1745, as he considered, it could probably have reached England. Amphibious operations in this period were far from easy—ships were dependent on wind and tide, there were no specialized landing vessels and few docks—but William of Orange had landed successfully in Torbay in 1688, and Richelieu, like William, would have had an unopposed landing. Richelieu was to be successful with his, and France's, next amphibious operation, the 1756 invasion of British-ruled Minorca.

Thus, the role of contingency repeatedly emerges when considering Jacobite failure. It can also be seen in the case of American victory. What if Admiral Howe had cut off the American retreat from Long Island or Washington had failed to achieve surprise at Trenton? What if Burgoyne had not plunged south towards Saratoga in 1777 or if General Howe had taken Philadelphia earlier? What if France had not entered the war or had failed to block the Chesapeake in 1781? The list can readily be extended. Each hypothesis can be weighed and none disproves the strength of the American, and weakness of the British, position. Yet, each reminds us of the role of chance in war and of the folly of assuming an inevitable outcome. As to whether the South could have won the American Civil War, it is misleading to dismiss speculation on this theme as pointless or as revisionist obscurantism and nostalgia. The past, and therefore the present, can never be understood if the options facing individuals in the past are ignored and if it is assumed not only that the path of history is preordained and obvious, but that the past belongs to the victors and that they should also own the present and the future. c

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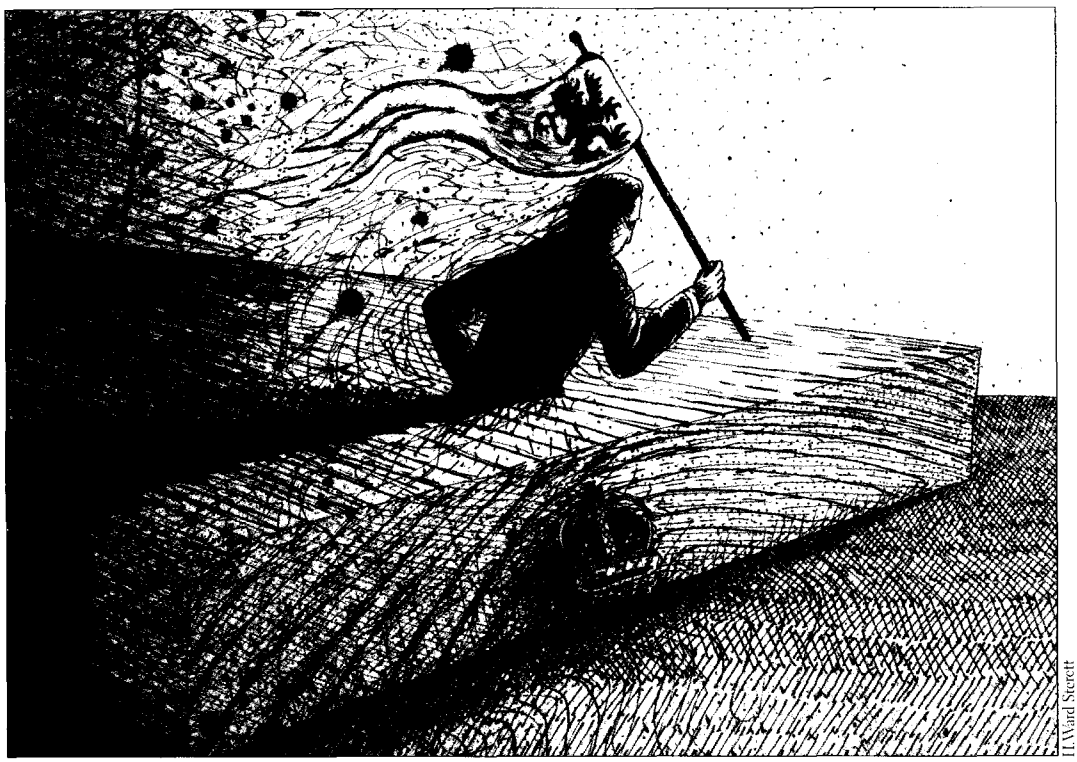
A Free-Minded Scot

Douglas Young Remembered

by E. Christian Kopff



H. Ward Sterett

Douglas Young was a tall man, six feet six inches; with his beard he looked like a Calvinist Jehovah. At St. Andrews, he acquired the nickname "God" by eavesdropping on a political discussion about the Balkans. (In the 1930's, the Balkans were full of angry ethnic factions, fighting and killing one another.) The group was stumped over the identity of a political leader. "God alone knows his name," one of them muttered. "Well, I know his name," said Douglas, "and I shall tell it to you." For a game of charades at Oxford, he was carried in upside down as a clue for the word "dog." (The editors of his memorial volume, *A Clear Voice*, call this a legend, but Nigel Nicolson in *My Oxford, My Cambridge* says he helped carry Douglas in.)

His father, an officer in the Bengal Artillery, was a Tory and an Imperialist, but, apart from politics, a loyal Scot. (Douglas remembered, "He was always annoyed to hear of any of his female relatives marrying a Sassanach, almost as if they had espoused a coloured person.") Douglas was a Unionist until 1929, when he was at Merchiston Castle School in Edinburgh. The poet Lewis Spence's campaign for Parliament as a Scots Nationalist appealed to Douglas's natural conservatism and made him "an assertor of my own country's right to self-government." He went to St. Andrews, despite passing the entrance exams for Oxford and Cambridge, and read the great Gaelic poet Sorley MacLean (Somhairle MacGill-Eain) and the Scots poet Hugh MacDiarmid (né C.M. Grieve). Although president of the Conservative Club, he worked for Eric Linklater's candidacy for Parliament as a Scots Nationalist in 1933.

He loved ancient Greek and was very good at it. For a career in classics, however, he had to study at Cambridge or Oxford. He chose the latter and spent four years at New College. ("We were *New* College because slightly later in the fourteenth century than William of Wykeham's other establishment, Winchester School.") He was president of the Scottish Society and advocated giving social democracy a fair trial. (Unlike his friends MacLean and MacDiarmid, he was never a Communist. In his 1943 speech on "William Wallace and This War," he referred contemptuously to "the now popular Mr. Djugashvili, alias Stalin.") He earned the friendship of older, more traditional scholars, like W.M. Lindsay of St. Andrews and T.W. Allen at Oxford, but not the leaders of the next generation. On C.M. Bowra, the "Great Teacher" of his time, he wrote the best limerick ever composed in ancient Greek. Eduard Fraenkel, the Corpus Professor of Latin and a refugee from Hitler's Germany, conceived a profound dislike for him. In his final translation examinations from English into Greek and Latin, Douglas wrote, not two, but all four compositions in Greek and Latin poetry and prose. Fraenkel accused him of

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cheating, because no one could do it. The scholar Fraenkel most admired at Oxford was Sir John Beasley, the founder of the scholarly study of Greek vase painting, who blandly assured Fraenkel that it could be done. "You see, I did it." (As an undergraduate, Beasley had composed a famous parody in Ionic Greek of Herodotus's visit to England, "Herodotus at the Zoo.") World War II gave Fraenkel an excuse for his hatred.

> Douglas spent his 60 years fighting for lost causes: the restoration of the Scottish nation and its literature and the texts of ancient Greek poets.

In 1938, Douglas turned down Oxford's prestigious Craven fellowship to teach at Aberdeen and joined the Scottish Nationalist Party (SNP). War was coming, and the SNP's official position was that its members were not to serve in the British military until Scotland had been granted dominion status, with its own parliament, like Canada or New Zealand.

As with the Balkans, it is a long story. Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, the last of Henry VIII's syphilitic brood. The crown devolved upon the head of the son of her old *bête noire*, Mary Queen of Scots. James VI of Scotland, now James I of England as well, made a fateful decision. He transferred the royal court to London. So the King James Bible was translated into English, instead of Scots, and Scotland's affairs were put on the back burner. The next century was chaotic and violent for both nations. By 1707, England was again ruled by a childless old woman, Anne. Before the throne was handed over to the Elector of Hanover and his line, the relationship of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland had to be regularized. So by the Treaty of Union they were turned into Great Britain and their parliaments were amalgamated into the British Parliament. In practice, it was the old English Parliament with a rump minority of 45 Scottish members (71 in Douglas's day) with 16 Scots in the House of Lords, who were regularly outvoted or ignored. Attempts to restore the rightful heir to the Scottish throne were ruthlessly put down by the British crown in 1715 and 1745. From that time on England ruled Scotland as a conquered province. She did, however, grant all rights and duties of British citizenship to any Scot who would move to England. Even more emigrated overseas, where Scots excelled in many fields. Douglas estimated at some 20 million the Scottish diaspora throughout the English-speaking world, *Scotti per diversa vagantes*.

During the Kaiser's War, Scottish troops had suffered disproportionately heavy losses by being placed at greater risk than English troops. Scotland's economy had suffered more than England's from the wartime state socialism and the postwar slump, since English "governments, though stupid, were at least primarily concerned with England." The SNP correctly predicted similar policies in the next war. They did not foresee that the British government would set up most new factories for war material in England and draft Scottish women to labor in distant and dangerous English industrial cities.

At a May Day (Labor Day) rally in Aberdeen in 1939, as war loomed, a heckler asked Douglas whether the Treaty of Union gave the British Parliament the authority to draft Scotsmen for foreign service. Douglas gave the official SNP position, that Article XVIII of the Treaty of Union preserved the Scottish Common Law and so drafting Scots was *ultra vires*, beyond the authority, of the British Parliament. The crowd cheered.

Douglas was in Greece when Hitler invaded Poland on September 1, 1939. Conscription was enacted. The SNP split into pacifists, anti-Nazis, and standpatters. (The communists were silent. Russia was an ally of Nazi Germany and, having taken its share of Poland, had invaded Finland.) Douglas stood his ground: "Dominion self-government in war as in peace, and no acquiescence in the unconstitutional conscription, either for military purposes or, as was soon imposed, for industrial work."

The initial round of conscription had passed Douglas by, but the terrible early defeats soon caused men in their late 20's to be "dereserved." Douglas might not have been drafted, because of his height, poor eyesight, and the effects of a childhood injury. In any event, he refused to answer his draft notice and was summoned to the local Sheriff-Court to answer charges.

On April 13, 1942, Douglas appeared before Sheriff Norman MacDonald in Glasgow. Repudiating the name "British," he asserted that "no government other than a Scottish government has any rights over the Scots." He doubted British competence. "I observe the British government conducting its so-called war effort with such fusionless incompetence as to give a walk-over to the imperialist ventures of the Germans, the Americans, and the Japanese." He felt that the way Churchill was running the war, it would end with the loss of the British Empire and world hegemony handed over either to the Axis or America. (Was he wrong?) "To judge by recent results," he continued, "there is great doubt about the capacity of the British government to defend Scotland, which is my country. It is no service to Scotland to follow the misleadership of the British government and become a prisoner at St. Valery-en-Caux or at Singapore or elsewhere."

Scotland was one of the great nations of Europe, not an English province. "Scots troops have played the part of Uriah the Hittite often enough already in Great Britain's wars, and it is now high time the Scots decided to fight for Scots independence, following the example of the Serbs, the Norse, and other self-respecting nations." Serbia and Norway had both been invaded by Nazi Germany. The comparison was a provocation. "Scots workers, women as well as men, are transported like coolies to labor for an alien imperialism furth of Scotland, while Scotland is invaded by a swarm of miscellaneous foreigners making themselves at home. All Scots must unite for the total defense of Scotland in Scotland, under Scots control." At this point Sheriff MacDonald stopped Douglas from speaking.

The SNP printed the whole speech. It may surprise those who know only the British version of the war. "Your Lordship will have noted the frequent observations made by war-minded publicists that the population of Scotland is apathetic or unduly complacent with regard to the present hostilities. This

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is principally due to the obvious fact that the Scots are not fighting for any Scottish cause; we do not enjoy national independence, nor is the liberty of Scotland among the war-aims or peace-projects of the British and allied governments. . . . No intelligent Scot, of any age or sex, has any confidence in the British government; of the less intelligent Scots, at present somewhat numerous from various causes, more, in my judgment, have confidence in the government of the Soviet Union than have confidence in the British government (although I am far from suggesting their confidence is well placed)."

On April 23, 1942, Douglas came before Sheriff Sam MacDonald on a complaint of the Procurator Fiscal that he had contravened the National Service (Armed Forces) Act of 1939. Douglas argued a series of alternatives: that the Act was contrary to the Common Law of Scotland, which the Treaty of Union protected; that the Treaty of Union did not grant the British Parliament the right to draft Scotsmen; that the so-called British Parliament was in fact the English Parliament; that Great Britain had voided the Treaty of Union and as head of the Commonwealth of Nations was no longer an entity in international law, "since it had no exclusive undisputed control over all persons and things in its pretended territory, did not conduct its external relations independently of the will of all other states and did not give sufficient expectation of its permanence."

Sheriff MacDonald listened to Douglas's arguments, congratulated him on his learning, and regretted that he saw no second way but to sentence him to 12 months in prison. Douglas appealed to the High Court of the Justiciary and was freed on bail. In honor of his stand, he was elected Chairman of the High Council of the SNP, a position he held until 1945. On July 9, 1942, he addressed to the High Court an hour-and-a-half version of his four objections. The court ignored all four and, in dismissing his appeal, ascribed to Douglas the contention, "All the acts of the Imperial Parliament since 1707 were void and of no effect," which he had not said. His legal objections were never adjudicated and, significantly, the proceedings were never published. He served eight months in prison (July 9, 1942 to March 10, 1943) and was released early for good behavior. Sorley MacLean wrote from Egypt that the only two places to be during the war were fighting the Nazis, as he was doing, or fighting the English, like Douglas. (He compared W.H. Auden, who had fled to safety at little Swarthmore College in the United States.)

Douglas emerged from prison, took a wife, and, as soon as his honeymoon was over, started contesting a by-election (held in February 1944) in Kirkcaldy Burghs in his native Fife county. He promised the voters that if elected he would work to give Scotland dominion status through a bill modeled on the British North America Act of 1867, which had created the Dominion of Canada. The Labour candidate, who supported Churchill's coalition government, expected little opposition from either Douglas or a pacifist who was running as a Christian Socialist. The Labourite won with 52 percent of the vote (8,268 votes), while 42 percent (6,621) voted for Douglas, a far cry from the virtual unanimity of which we hear in official accounts of World War II. There was an explosion in the Cabinet. Ernest Bevin, the powerful head of the Transport and General Workers Union, a Labourite who was Churchill's Minister of Labour, insisted on beginning a new prosecution against Douglas, this time for opposing industrial conscription.

In the meantime, Douglas was obtaining the signatures of the prime ministers of the various Dominions in favor of dominion status for Scotland. Most signed, including "the Liberal Mackenzie King, of Canada, and the Gaelic-speaking Socialist Peter Fraser, of South Africa." One month after the by-election, the Ministry of Labour summoned Douglas to be interviewed for a job in a munitions factory and proceeded against him, when, as expected, he refused. At the Sheriff-Court in Paisley on June 12, 1944, his case was heard "by a rather deaf and testy old gentleman, who kept interrupting and seemed not to understand what was said to him," Sheriff-Substitute A.M. Hamilton.

Douglas made several points. First, whatever the purported omnipotence of the British parliament over Englishmen, its authority in Scotland was limited by the Treaty of Union of 1707, which was meant to restrain the power of the central government, like the United States Constitution. Second, Article XVIII of the Treaty of Union explicitly preserved Scottish Common Law in the area of private right. This was relevant to military conscription, but was crucial in the case of the innovation of industrial conscription. Douglas cited two parallel cases from English and Scottish law, where two Negroes asserted their freedom before English and Scottish courts. The Scottish court in 1779 found that villeinage, serfdom, did not exist under Scottish law and freed the man. The English courts in 1707 found that villeinage was part of English law and refused to free the slave. Industrial conscription was English Law applied to Scotland, in violation of the Treaty of Union. On May 25, 1944, the Supreme Court of New South Wales, Australia, banned industrial conscription because it "imposed on the people the status of villeinage."

Third, Douglas argued that Parliament had no right to "delegated legislation," that is, to give to administrative bodies, such as the Ministry of Labour, the power to create and enforce their own laws. This last point is still important to us because the limitations the United States Constitution imposed on the central government have been circumvented by creating bureaucracies which are free to make, interpret, and enforce their own law. Douglas praised Hayek's recent *Road to Serfdom* and denounced Socialists who wanted to keep industrial conscription after the war in the cause of full employment. "The slogan of *Full Employment*," he argued, "is appropriate only to a Servile State." The Ministry of Labour's treatment of young Scottish women and Douglas himself showed the dangers of such a system.

Douglas was found guilty and sentenced to three months in jail. He appealed again to the High Court, arguing that both the act instituting industrial conscription and the enforcement of the act by the Ministry of Labor violated Article XVIII of the Treaty of Union. On October 6, 1944, the Court affirmed the earlier High Court ruling that Douglas was denying the validity of all acts of the British parliament since 1707. The Lord Justice-Clerk (Lord Cooper) interrupted Douglas with a series of questions until, by a slip of the tongue, he assented to that denial. Having confused Douglas into contradicting his own written appeal, Lord Cooper sent him to prison for three months, without hearing the appeal. There was much resentment of the government's actions, even among those who disagreed with Douglas's stand against military conscription, since it was clear that he was being harassed because of his good showing at the by-election.

"The question raised," Douglas later wrote, "was, of course, that of federal constitutionalism, a question perfectly familiar

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to every American and Australian. . . . It was not enough for a sheriff or other judge to take refuge behind an Act of the Westminster Parliament if that Parliament itself had its powers restricted by an Act of two Parliaments, namely the terms of union, an international treaty, between Scotland and England. The English have been accustoming themselves to the dogma of the omnipotence of Parliament, but such a dogma is untenable in relation to Scotland, whose Parliament was never omnipotent, and is incompatible with the Treaty of Union which constituted the British Parliament to begin with."

Douglas saw the importance of Scottish nationalism for a federalist Europe. "Things are never settled until they are settled justly, and there will be no just or satisfactory international order in Europe till each nation of Europe has its due, equality of rights in its own affairs. . . . On this view my litigation about the Treaty of Union may be seen as a slight contribution to a rationally united Europe." Douglas foresaw a European parliament and, eventually, a world parliament, answerable to the world's national parliaments. In such a world, Scotland would need its own voice, that is, its own parliament.

He did not predict the formation of the current European Union, modeled on the omnipotent parliaments and bureaucracies of France and England. "The insular English, with their peculiar dogma that one is better without any rational constitution and that a legislature should be allowed to please itself and govern at discretion" are now entangled in a European Union ruled by a European parliament and a Brussels bureaucracy free to impose laws on their helpless subjects, just as Westminster and Whitehall rule Scotland. Jacques Delors, in a speech to the European Parliament on July 6, 1988, predicted that 80 percent of all laws on economic, social, and fiscal affairs would originate in Brussels. It is no coincidence that among those who have said "no" to the European Union are the peoples of Norway and Serbia, chosen by Douglas as Scotland's peers in 1942.

The years that followed the war were filled with success and frustration. The unpopular Churchill government fell in a General Election in 1945. In 1948, the SNP, up to then open to members of all parties or none, insisted that members of other parties resign. Hugh MacDiarmid, a Communist, and Douglas, a Labourite, resigned, although they had sat on the High Council.

Douglas devoted himself to poetry and scholarship. His original poems in "Lallans," a name for the Scots dialect he took from Burns, led to an active role in the international writers' organization PEN, of which he was Scottish President (1957-1961). His translations of "The Twenty-Third Psalm of King David" and Valéry's "Cimetière Marin" were widely acclaimed, and his theatrical versions of Aristophanes' *Frogs* and *Birds* ("Puddocks" and "Burdies") were performed at the Edinburgh Drama Festival.

As a scholar, he made important contributions to the study of Greek manuscripts (codicology). His critical edition of Theognis in the prestigious Teubner series (1961) is still in print and remains of value because of his personal examination of the manuscripts and his notes on many passages. In *Chasing an Ancient Greek* (1950), a book about his trip to examine Greek manuscripts and visit the PEN congress in Venice in 1949, he explained why Theognis is worth reading. "Theognis had a mind of his own and spoke it, on matters of general as well as of personal interest. As such a spokesman he is a social and historical 'document' of the first importance, all the more so that he is the most substantial relic of personal literature from the aristocratic particularist age, before Athenian national socialism and Macedonian dynastic imperialism." Douglas is describing himself. During the last decade of his life, he worked on the text and manuscripts of the Greek tragedian Aeschylus. For many scholars, Aeschylus is the engaged artist of the radical Athenian democracy, but not for Douglas. "Aeschylus was clearly a constitutionalist of the 'strict construction' school, who wished the supreme court to have the general guardianship of the democratic constitution so as to repress alike any tendencies to despotism or to anarchy."

Each time he applied for a Professorship in Scotland, he was turned down, despite impressive letters of recommendation. The great scholar of Greek religion, H.J. Rose, called him "without exception or doubt the most brilliant student I have ever taught." (In America, when confronted by obstreperous students, he would listen to their comments and then say, "H.J. Rose always said the best students disagree with their teachers.") In 1946, the chair at Glasgow went to A.W. Gomme, a senior scholar engaged in writing an important commentary on Thucydides. (He died before completing it.) Douglas taught Latin at University College, Dundee, but when in 1953 its Latin department was swallowed up by St. Andrews, he transferred to the Greek department of his old university. When he applied for the Greek chair there, he was passed over in favor of K.J. Dover, a young Englishman of much promise, whose most important scholarship, which included helping to finish Gomme's commentary, began appearing in the late 60's. Dover liked St. Andrews, and a few years later turned down the offer of the Regius Professorship of Greek at Oxford to stay there.

If Douglas was unhappy about a Sassanach occupying a Scottish chair, no change in his cheerful disposition ever betrayed it. Dover is a fine scholar, but he does not suffer peers gladly. In his recent autobiography, *Marginal Comment*, he plays down Douglas's contributions to Classical Studies and harps on their scholarly differences, which were based on principle. (On the next page he defends a nonthreatening friend for mistranslating Latin.) He attributes to himself the growing popularity of Greek studies at St. Andrews in the late 50's and says the program had problems in the 70's because "I was beginning to lose my grip as a teacher." He does not note the correlation of the program's ups and downs to Douglas's presence. I and many others can attest that Douglas was a born teacher. The most striking failures in Dover's career of almost unbroken success were his two chances to reach wider audiences, his Sather Lectures at Berkeley (1967) and his BBC show, *The Greeks* (1980). Dover gloats over Eduard Fraenkel's refusal to come to a reception if Douglas were invited, but omits the details of their relationship. He breathed a sigh of relief when Douglas left. Having done his best work at St. Andrews, Dover returned to Oxford in 1976 as President of Corpus Christi College, where, by his own account, he seems to have spent much time fantasizing about the suicide of a difficult colleague.

After he was turned down for the Greek chair at Aberdeen in 1965, Douglas began to take seriously offers from America, finally accepting a position at McMaster University in Canada in1968. The next year, he was appointed Paddison Professor of Greek at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He was as active and cheerful as ever, with no sign of resentment that he had become one of Ammianus Marcellinus's *Scotti per*

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diversa vagantes. He was popular with students and faculty and started writing one section of a major international commentary on Homer's *Odyssey*. On October 24, 1973, he was found dead at his desk, with a copy of Homer open in front of him.

He was a constitutionalist, a federalist, and a nationalist in an age of power politics, imperialism, and international finance. He loved the languages and customs of the smaller nations of Europe—Serbia, Greece, Scotland—in an age when Germany, Britain, and the United States either ignored or trampled them. The SNP has won seats in the British Parliament and has crippled the Conservative Party in Scotland. Poetry is still written in Lallans, though many would agree with Edwin Muir, "they never seemed to me to be very gifted, except for Grieve" (Hugh MacDiarmid). In the latest Scots anthology from Edinburgh, Douglas's name does not appear. His edition of Theognis is still in print and his articles are quoted. Fraenkel hated him, but Otto Skutsch, another refugee from Hitler who became Latin Professor at London, always beamed when Douglas's name was mentioned. Scholars came from all over the world to visit him at Chapel Hill, where he had time to direct only two dissertations before his untimely death, on the manuscripts of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the latter written by me, the former by Dr. Thomas Fleming.

Douglas spent his 60 years fighting for lost causes: the restoration of the Scottish nation and its literature and the texts of ancient Greek poets. In his essay on Francis Herbert Bradley, T.S. Eliot wrote, "We fight for lost causes because we know that our defeat and dismay may be the preface to our successor's victory, though that victory itself will be temporary; we fight rather to keep something alive than in the expectation that anything will triumph." Douglas's best-known poem, which he used to hear quoted back to him on the hustings and at the market, contains his vision of what one man can accomplish. It is called "Last Lauch" (Last Laugh).

The Minister said it wald dee,
the cypress-buss I plantit.
But the buss grew til a tree,
naething dauntit.
It's growan, stark and heich,
derk and staucht and sinister,
Kirkyairdie-like and dreich, . . .
But whaur's the Minister?

Last Laugh: The Student's Reply

by Thomas Fleming

The minister is dead and gone,
here only his dust reposes.
Ashes and dust were all he won,
and a bed for roses.

He did not plant his hope in earth,
though man will never know it;
His death was but a second birth
and a last laugh on the poet.

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Culture Politics

by Marshall L. DeRosa

"The results of political changes are hardly ever those which their friends hope for or their foes fear."

—T.H. Huxley

The Southern Tradition: The Achievement and Limitations of an American Conservatism
by Eugene D. Genovese
Cambridge: Harvard University Press; 138 pp., $22.50

The Southern Front: History and Politics in the Cultural War
by Eugene D. Genovese
Columbia: University of Missouri Press; 320 pp., $29.95

◆

In political circles, it has become fashionable to talk about "culture wars." The discussions usually touch on the issues of abortion, euthanasia, sexual orientation, school prayer, gun control, and welfare, among others. These are issues that campaign consultants can use to polarize the electorate in attempts to maximize support for their clients and minimize support for their clients' opponents. The only casualties are the defeated candidates, and as for fatalities, well, it's just not that sort of war. Even the nonpoliticos, the activists who yell at each other from opposite sides of the street, are doing just that, yelling and not shooting each other. When an activist does break the rules of engagement and actually commits a violent act which results in someone getting hurt or killed, the perpetrator is punished accordingly.

The phrase *culture war* is a misnomer; *culture politics* is more descriptive, highlighting the push to control the policy-making processes. Indeed, these are contests, and there is a correlation between the winners in these political contests and the *pace* of cultural development. However, I am not convinced that electing Bob Dole will significantly alter the *direction* of cultural development, as opposed to reelecting Bill Clinton. In both instances, cultural decline will proceed along the same lines, albeit at different speeds.

H. Ward Sterett

To arrest or, more significantly, to change the direction of cultural development would, indeed, require warlike actions, and this is why Professor Genovese's two most recent books are essential reading for those of us who take our politics seriously. Genovese cautions us not to take lightly the significance of the political and cultural developments that are currently unfolding; they reveal tumors in the American body politic that could prove to be fatal. However, we must be careful not to kill the patient to cure the disease.

Genovese provides a unique diagnosis of what ails our culture. Having fought against traditional American culture most of his professional life—he makes no bones about being a longtime Marxist supporter of the Soviet Union and being an atheist—he has come to the realization that humanity's best hopes lie in recasting traditional values to address contemporary problems, especially traditional tenets of Americans' religiousness. He admits that

> The empirical investigations disturbed a historian with the biases of an atheist and a historical materialist who had always assumed, however mindlessly, that religion should be understood as no more than a corrosive ideology at the service of ruling classes. If, at the beginning someone would have told me that religion would emerge as a positive force in my book—indeed, as the centerpiece—I would have laughed and referred him to a psychiatrist. In the end, the evidence proved overwhelming, and I had to eat my biases, although not my Marxism.

Here is the key to understanding Genovese's theoretical impulses. He acknowledges the value of religion, but a religion along the lines of the Socratic noble lie, an instrumental religion to be utilized in the quest for arresting the decline of American culture. Under his model, religion would be in the service of a newly established ruling class, providing solid ground "on which to stand in a persistent struggle to reconcile the claims of social justice, individual freedom, and a respect for human dignity in an age in which the moral as well as intellectual foundations of the requisite social consensus have crumbled." Hence, religion provides the "ethical and moral baselines" that historical Marxism "dis-

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missed with indifference, not to say contempt."

At this point, a few qualifications are in order. First, Genovese should not be dismissed as a defeated Marxist looking for new weapons of destruction to use against capitalism. Genovese's analysis is much too profound for such simplistic reductionism. Second, his analyses of what ails higher education, race relations, denominational religion, and other elements of American culture are first-rate and insightful. And third, he has correctly acknowledged the historical primacy of Christianity in the establishment of a humane social order.

Genovese sees debilitating decline, spurred on in large measure by "a self-revolutionizing capitalist system and its attendant marketplace mentality [both of which have been the] greatest solvent of traditional values." The juxtaposition of traditional Christian values with finance capitalism, he argues, will reverse "the moral corruption that now runs rife in America," but the corruption cannot be "arrested without the intervention of government at all levels." The capitalistic system and its offspring, the national and international conglomerates, are not intentionally seeking to destroy traditional values; the marketplace mentality simply feels "no responsibility for the solution of such problems unless the problems interfere with business." Presumably, if innovative public policy could make such irresponsible behavior "interfere with business," the end result could be a marketplace mentality with a conscience. A big "if," to say the least, especially in light of the fact that the activists on the left have a conscience and do seek to shove traditional values out of the way in order to construct a social order congruent with their egalitarian dreams. Moreover, the marketplace mentality has been very amenable to the left's policy agendum, because that agendum "constitutes a field for economic exploitation." Big business is good business, and the left has big—that is, national—plans.

Herein lies Genovese's affinity for conservative Southerners. First, conservative Southerners have historically distrusted centralized power, political and economic. Because leftists are using both to reshape America's cultural landscape, Southern conservatives are their natural enemies. Second, we find in the South elements of that old-styled religion, from which traditional values can be nurtured and promoted. And third, conservative Southerners will not shy away from using the force of government, preferably local, to protect their traditional social arrangements against ideological and economic national and transnational onslaughts. This in essence is the *southern front*—conservative Southerners defending their community rights. For conservative Southerners, the happiness of the individual is integrally linked with the viability of the community; a community that transcends time and includes not only the rights and welfare of the living, but the rights of ancestors and posterity too. In other words, a community willing to make sacrifices for the long haul. Centralization is anathema to this model, because community autonomy, whatever its policy preferences within the parameters of civilized standards, takes precedence over national uniformity. Genovese observes that this type of conservatism insists "that all communities must be allowed their prejudices and discriminations; that the state must take full account of human depravity; and that respect for the inviolability of the human personality—a concept rooted in Christianity—must not be confused with the endless assertion of individual political and social rights against the collective exigencies of the community."

If taken at face value, Genovese's depiction of Southern conservatism has problems: How many in the South adhere to traditional conservatism, and in what manner and to what extent has society held together by economic ties replaced community held together by common blood, religion, language, and history? Even if communities did predominate over societies, how could a regional conservatism be made to influence politics at the national level? As a result, he acknowledges that the loss of republican virtue at the national, state, and local levels may necessitate a measure of neonationalism. Understanding his almost casual reference to neonationalism is the key to comprehending the "alternate program" for which he searches.

Here and there he provides us with glimpses of neonationalism: "In general political terms, the Communists saw, before anyone else except an occasional prophet like Du Bois, that no effort to effect a deep structural transformation in American society or to challenge American Imperialism could rise in the United States without a great upsurge of the black liberation movement"; "The struggles of black people have had a double aspect throughout the course of American history—as distinct struggles for black liberation and as an integral part of the struggle of the American people." Religious faith has been instrumental in the struggles of black Americans in their quest for liberation: "While much went into the making of the heroic black struggle for survival under extreme adversity, nothing loomed so large as the religious faith of the slaves." Genovese sees the politically useful application of religion for upcoming "struggles for liberation," that is, liberation from the debilitating social and economic policy agenda of the left and the marketplace mentality, respectively.

How is this utilitarian view of religion to be put into operation? Genovese is not shy about the scale of the changes that are requisite to success: "World-historic events compel a reassessment of first principles as well as social and political policies" in the "challenge to construct a decent social order." Is he suggesting that we subject America to the sort of vanguard reformers who inevitably do more harm than good? Moreover, the primary reason that the Southern tradition is so vital to American conservatism today is its resistance to such "restructuring"; and to the extent that its resistance has been broken down by national reformers (especially by Supreme Court Justices), it has ceased to be uniquely conservative.

Genovese makes clear his support for

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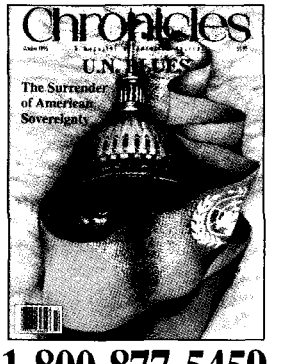

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"legislation to curb the moral degeneracy of our times" and the "need for measured repression." However, he fails to articulate the source of such legislation and repression. He discusses the black community's reasonable demand for political autonomy, so that "they would have the power to deal with antisocials in their own way." But how is this demand by a minority to be self-governing, however measured, to be squared with a territorial democracy? Furthermore, what are the procedural safeguards for the constitutional rights of blacks and whites who are deemed to be "antisocial"? Is Genovese suggesting that we scrap constitutional federalism, popular control, and rights, which the Constitution was designed to secure? Perhaps. He claims that a hegemonic elite will always be with us. The trick is to form a new coalition of elites who are determined and able to arrest America's decline. Only a programmatic unity of this sort "holds out the main hope for a radical change in our national fortunes." As a case in point, Genovese challenges us to "devise property relations that can sustain a social bond . . . strong enough to repress both personal license and totalitarian tendencies . . . to devise a creative system that combines social and private property ownership and renders it politically responsible." Good intentions, perhaps, which pave the road to a totalitarian American hell.

The Southern tradition has much to offer: most significantly, the advice to comply with the original nomocratic Constitution, not a telocratic one through which elites have license to function as social engineers in their quest for utopia. For the 21st century, Genovese would be well advised to focus debate on opening channels of true political participation (which might include restricting the franchise), splitting governmental functions within the context of federalism (a reinvigorated states' rights program), and instituting a separation of powers within the two levels of government (stripping state and federal bureaucracies of their administrative law powers), to name a few. The Framers' "original intentions" were to make the governments—state and national—accountable to the governed. The problem is not a lack of government, but *too much* government, at all levels. Yes, there will be winners and losers in this scheme, but to have only winners is a contradiction in terms. And if all else fails, we can be grateful that the Framers of the original Constitution were wise enough to provide us with the most nomocratic of constitutional provisions, the Second Amendment. The potential of a *cultural war* that leads men to exercise their Second Amendment rights is what makes Professor Genovese's latest two books so important. He has certainly diagnosed the disease plaguing the body politic; the question remains whether his tentative cure is worse than the disease. c

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The Edinburgh Brute

by Theodore Pappas

"The whole Sherlock Holmes saga is a triumphant illustration of art's supremacy over life."

—Christopher Morley

The Oxford Sherlock Holmes:
A Study in Scarlet
The Sign of the Four
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes
The Hound of the Baskervilles
The Return of Sherlock Holmes
The Valley of Fear
His Last Bow
The Case-Book of Sherlock Holmes
General Editor, Owen Dudley Edwards
Oxford: Oxford University Press;
$99.95

◆

It was the spring of 1893, and Arthur Conan Doyle was plotting murder. "I am in the middle of the last Holmes story," Doyle wrote to his mother, "after which the gentleman vanishes, never to return. I am weary of his name." Six years earlier, Doyle was an unknown young doctor in Southsea struggling to make ends meet. He had created Sherlock Holmes to while away the time, to earn a bit of money, and to hone his writing skills for more "serious" literature, meaning historical fiction written in the fashion of his idol, Sir Walter Scott. Two novellas, 24 short stories, and six years later, Doyle is famous, and toward the beak-nosed, hawk-faced, thinking machine that had brought him riches and international acclaim, he can feel only disgust. "I feel towards him as I do towards *pâté de foie gras*, of which I once ate too much, so that the name of it gives me a sickly feeling to this day."

This cavalier dismissal of one of the most enduring characters in modern fiction did not wash well with the English-reading public. For if "the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players," as Samuel Johnson argued about the work of Shakespeare, the very opposite was true regarding Sherlock Holmes and his audience. "He became a part of my life," confessed Max Beerbohm, "and will never, I suppose, be utterly dislodged." "*The Sign of Four* . . . I read first at the age of ten," said Graham Greene, and it "has never faded from my memory." For when "we talk of [Holmes]," explained T.S. Eliot, "we invariably fall into the fancy of his existence." Nor has this "fancy" ever waned. Thousands of Holmesian societies exist worldwide, the Far East included; and the Abbey National bank, which currently occupies Holmes's famous address, has reportedly hired a secretary just to handle the thousands of letters the character receives each year.

H Ward Sterett

Perhaps channelsurfers and cybersexers will find it hard to understand how a literary figure could be so keenly imagined and deftly drawn that he virtually takes on a flesh-and-blood reality. Addicted to the visual image and unmoved by the written word, they can hardly conceive of the pandemonium that ensued when the Christmas 1893 issue of the *Strand* hit the newsstands announcing the sleuth's final adventure and demise. Women appeared in public wearing mourning apparel and men wore black bands around their arms and hats; offices closed, flags flew at half-mast, and newspapers ran obituaries for the man who never lived; the Prince of Wales was unhappy and the Queen "not amused"; some 20,000 of the *Strand*'s readers immediately canceled their subscriptions; and tens of thousands more sent Doyle angry letters and telegrams. The curt message of one reader seemingly spoke for the entire English-speaking world: "You brute!"

Owen Dudley Edwards, a professor of history at the University of Edinburgh, has spent a lifetime studying this Edinburgh-born "brute." As general editor of this collection, he has assembled the foremost scholars on Holmes, composed the general preface to the collection, and written introductions to three of the volumes, *A Study in Scarlet*, *The Valley of Fear*, and *His Last Bow*. Fortunately, his fine general introduction is reproduced in each volume, along with a detailed chronology of Doyle's life, a bibliography of his work (non-Holmes stories included), and a short essay on the principal studies of Doyle's career, so that each volume can stand alone as a complete

Theodore Pappas is the managing editor of Chronicles.

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work of scholarship. The "definitive" versions of the tales—meaning Doyle's handwritten manuscripts before copy editors blue-penciled them, as American editors were fond of doing because of Doyle's "blasphemous" use of such words as "Hell" and "Devil"—have been faithfully reproduced whenever possible and are accompanied by exhaustive, but never exhausting, annotations. In addition, Doyle and his team have collected an array of rare documents, letters, and articles not easily accessible to the general reader and seldom compiled in a single source: such as letters from editors concerning Doyle's manuscripts; Victorian-era news clippings of bizarre crimes and scandals that perhaps served as sources of Doyle's clever plots; the more obscure Holmes tales that were privately commissioned and hence rarely reproduced, such as "How Watson Learned the Trick," which was requested for the Queen's Doll House and bound in miniature in 1922; as well as historic parodies of the Holmes stories by the more famous of Doyle's fans, such as those by P.G. Wodehouse and by Doyle's good friend Sir James Barrie. Handsomely bound with crimson-colored jackets, this collection deservedly ranks alongside the classic studies of the Holmes Canon by Edgar Smith and William S. Baring-Gould.

Most impressive are the 1,000 or so pages of ancillary material. It is difficult to convey the breadth of learning evident in the introductions and annotations, but whenever a reader is reluctant to leave the endnotes for the text (and they are placed at the end of each volume, leaving the stories uncluttered), either the reader is a bore or exceptional scholarship is at hand, and in my case I would like to think the latter is true. No allusion or quotation or street sign or historical figure in the entire Holmes Canon has gone unnoticed, unanalyzed, and unexplained, and if few readers will be interested in the history of the Alfred Dunhill Pipe or of gray Harris tweed trousers, who can resist a discussion of Victorian opium dens; of Doyle's dinner with a magazine editor and a budding young writer, the result of which were commissions for *The Sign of the Four* and *The Picture of Dorian Gray*; of T.S. Eliot's cribbing from the Holmes stories for a scene in *Murder in the Cathedral* and for names in *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*; or of Edinburgh's medical tradition of auto-experimentation, and particularly of the case of Sir Robert Christison, the foremost toxicologist of the 19th century who almost died from sampling a Calabar bean and who saved himself by drinking his morning's shaving-water? As Owen Dudley Edwards explains, "The two most famous literary uses of auto-experiment by Edinburgh authors are Robert Louis Stevenson, *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886) and [Doyle's] 'The Devil's Foot' . . . . [Doyle] himself used auto-experiment with nitrite of amyl for his doctoral research and in other medical investigations."

We learn about the major sources of inspiration for the methods of Sherlock Holmes, from Voltaire, Edgar Allan Poe, Emile Gaboriau, and Wilkie Collins to, most importantly, Doyle's medical school mentor Dr. Joseph Bell, whom Doyle gladly acknowledged as his principal model for Holmes. Bell was a skilled surgeon and noted lecturer at the Edinburgh Infirmary, but he was best remembered for entertaining his students with deductions and declarations about the histories and occupations of the patients whom he had never before met. Doyle fondly recalled one scene in particular, when Bell interrogated a new patient in front of the class:

> "Well, my man, you've served in the Army?"
> "Aye, sir."
> "Not long discharged?"
> "No, sir."
> "A Highland regiment?"
> "Aye, sir."
> "A non-commissioned officer?"
> "Aye, sir."
> "Stationed at Barbados?"
> "Aye, sir."

"You see," Bell turned and announced to his students, this "man was a respectful man, but he did not remove his hat. They do not in the army, but he would have learned civilian ways had he been long discharged. He has an air of authority and he is obviously Scottish. As to Barbados, his complaint is elephantiasis, which is West Indian not British, and the Scottish regiments are at present in that particular island."

We learn as well about the Voronoff monkey-gland experiments of the early 1920's, which gave Doyle the idea for "The Creeping Man" and that story's central theme, that "When one tries to rise above Nature one is liable to fall below it." We learn that Holmes's famous first words to Watson, "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive," parallels Johnson's pronouncement that Boswell came from Scotland; that the source for the most famous of Doyle's many epigrams, about the dogs that "barked" in the night, might have been book XVI of Homer's *Odyssey*, in which the dogs refuse to bark at Telemachus; that Watson's description of Holmes as "the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known" echoes the final sentence of Plato's *Phaedo* describing the death of Socrates; and that the method of solving the mystery in "The Golden Pince-Nez" derives from the Book of Daniel, where ashes are strewn in the Temple to prove that priests and their families had been eating the food placed before the idols.

The editors also painstakingly report on the number of drawings that accompanied every Holmes story in both its American and British versions, and they retell several times in various volumes the famous story of how the *Strand* had intended the illustrator for the first Holmes short stories to be Walter Paget but mistakenly sent the commission to Sidney, Walter's brother. They explain that Sidney, who ultimately produced over 350 Holmes drawings, was really more responsible than Doyle himself for establishing "the popular conception of Sherlock Holmes," for it was he who "gave [Holmes] the deerstalker and travelling cape which are now indelibly associated with him"; who was "as closely associated with the text as 'Phiz' to Dickens or Sir John Tenniel to Lewis Carroll"; and whom even Doyle acknowledged was the person responsible for delineating the man "which the whole English-reading race came to recognize."

Unfortunately, after learning all this, the reader discovers that the illustrations in this collection are distinguished only by their absence: amid the 1,000 or so pages of ancillary material, not a single original drawing has been reproduced.

Yet, no number of illustrations will bring Holmes to life. Endnotes and essays will not make us see the yellow fog, smell the shag tobacco, or hear the hansoms clattering on the brick-laid streets. For as Owen Dudley Edwards correctly concludes, "Dr. Watson will perform that duty, and no one could do it better."

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Two English Poems of Douglas Young

For the Old Highlands

That old lonely lovely way of living
in Highland places,—twenty years a-growing,
twenty years flowering, twenty years declining,—
father to son, mother to daughter giving
ripe tradition; peaceful bounty flowing;
one harmony all tones of life combining,—
old wise ways, passed like the dust blowing.

That harmony of folk and land is shattered,—
the yearly rhythm of things, the social graces,
peat-fire and music, candle-light and kindness.
Now they are gone it seems they never mattered,
much, to the world, those proud and violent races,
clansmen, and chiefs whose passioned greed and blindness
made desolate these lovely lonely places.

Winter Homily on the Calton Hill

These chill pillars of fluted stone
shine back the lustre of the leaden sky,
stiff columns clustered on a dolerite hill
in solemn order, an unperfected vision
dimly gleaming. Not at random thrown
like old Greek temples that abandoned lie
with earthquake-riven drums. Rigid and chill
this still-born ruin stands for our derision.

A fine fantasy of the Whig literati
to build a modern Athens in our frore islands,
those elegant oligarchs of the Regency period,
Philhellenic nabobs and the Scots nobility.
As soon expect to meet a bearded Gujerati
stravaiging in a kilt throu the uttermost Highlands,
or in Princes Street gardens a coy and blushing Nereid.
Athens proved incapable of such mobility.

Is the thing meaningless, as it is astonishing,
a senseless fantasy, out of time and place?
Apeing foreign fashions is always derisible,
and mimicry, for Plato, was the soul's unmaking.
The ruin is symbolic, a symbol admonishing
Scottish posterity. Seekers after grace
must not imitate the outward and visible.
The culture of Athens was a nation's awaking.

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Warts and All

by Thomas Fleming

The Poetry of Scotland: Gaelic, Scots and English
Edited and Introduced by Roderick Watson
Edinburgh University Press; 714 pp.

◆

A national poetry in three languages is hard to describe, much less anthologize, and, in fact, the situation is even more complex since so much good Scottish poetry was written in Latin, a point made emphatically by Tom Scott in the introduction to his Penguin anthology. Roderick Watson, in editing this wonderful and exasperating volume, has made the wise decision to include the Gaelic (with translations), while at the same time refusing to turn up his nose at the large body of Scottish poetry written in English. (Unfortunately, the decision to omit Latin means the exclusion of Latin poets from Columba to Buchanan.)

Much in this new anthology is quite properly familiar. The Gaelic selections, even in the prosaic translations provided, are not only interesting in themselves but for the light they shed on poetry written in Scots and English. For many English and American readers, it will be their first acquaintance with Sorley MacLean, regarded by many as one of the best Scottish poets of the century. Douglas Young used to say that MacLean was the finest poet writing in Britain, and it would be hard to think of a comparable figure writing in English who can join the purity of MacLean's lyric with his commitment to the poor.

Across eternity, across its snows
I see my unwritten poems,
I see the spoor of their paws
dappling
the untroubled whiteness of the
snow:
bristles raging, bloody-tongued,
lean greyhounds and wolves
leaping over the tops of the dykes,
running under the shade of the
trees of the wilderness . . .

Any of us can hear the "Celtic" note in "Dogs and Wolves," but it is sounded as clearly in his socialist poems like "Calvary," which I shall quote in a Lallans translation by his friend Douglas Young:

My een are no on Calvary
or the Bethelehm they praise
but on shitten back-lands in
Glesga toun
whaur growan life decays
and a stairheid room in an Embro
[Edinburgh] land [tenement],
a chalmer of puirtith [poverty] and
skaith [want],
whaur monie a shilpet bairnike
[sick child]
gaes smoorit [wallowing] doun til
daith.

In his introduction, Watson confesses that he shares the agenda of "almost all Scottish anthologies and literary histories," which is to "sustain, imply, construct or seek a version of ourselves through what we have written and what we have read over the years," and he adds that "It is no coincidence that the first anthology-maps in the self-conscious construction of a Scottish identity were made after the psychic and political trauma of the Union of Parliaments in 1707." The good sense expressed in such barbarous English marks Watson as the post-modern Scottish professor who cannot apparently distinguish really good poets like Lindsay and Burns, Muir and MacDiarmid, William Soutar and Douglas Dunn from popular dialect writers and such current trend-lickers as Tom Leonard and Liz Lochhead.

But Watson's very eclecticism and lack of judgment is one of his virtues. The reader may not form the highest opinion of Scottish poetry, but he will have a real sense of the Scottish tradition—its grandeur and power, but also its coarseness and silliness. One of the hallmarks of Scottish civilization is the paradox of great accomplishments and the low critical standards of which MacDiarmid constantly complained, and this warts-and-all anthology will complement more traditional volumes like the *Oxford Book of Scottish Verse*.

The warts—concretist, feminist, and zen poets—are undoubtedly annoying, and some of Watson's choices from famous poets are, quite simply, bizarre. Byron is represented by "When I Roved a Young Highlander" and a passage from *The Vision of Judgment*; none of Scott's most famous lyrics is included; and the selection from MacDiarmid is heavily weighted with his English pseudoscientific prosings that will someday figure as largely in his corpus as Wordsworth's longer philosophizings do in his. Despite all the space given to popular poetry, none is found for Lady Grizzel Bailie or for Montrose, not even the prayer he composed while awaiting execution. Is this reverse snobbery? Robert Garioch's "Embro to the Ploy"—a satirical masterpiece included by Tom Scott—is absent, and the selection of William Soutar seems calculated to destroy whatever small reputation that poet has outside of Scotland.

The Poetry of Scotland provides lively testimony to the Scottish national tradition, but it also reveals, however unwittingly, the inroads made by a bourgeois modernism, which like Coca-Cola and Levis has displaced the authentic voices of real people. The last important poet whose work is represented, Douglas Dunn, worked as a librarian at Hull, and while his work shares some of the crispness and clarity of Hull's other librarian-poet, Philip Larkin, his subjects include the grand themes of Scottish verse. In "St Kilda's Parliament: 1879-1979," a photographer who took a picture of the men of rugged St. Kilda's some years before they asked to be removed, returns to the scene to ponder the lives of the inhabitants:

Wise men or simpletons—it is
hard to tell—But in that way
they almost look alike
You also see how each is
individual,
Proud of his shyness and of his
small life,
On this outcast of the Hebrides

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With his eyes full of weather and
seabirds,
Fish, and whatever morsel he
grows here.
Clear, too, is manhood, and how
each man looks
Secure in the love of a woman who
Also knows the wisdom of the sun
rising,
Of weather in the eyes like
landmarks.
. . . . . .
It is a remote democracy, where
men,
In manacles of place, outstare a sea
That rattles back its manacles of
salt,
The moody jailer of the wild
Atlantic.

This is real poetry, at times reflective and at times direct, and so long as such lines are written, a nation lives in the mind of the poet, much as mankind lives in the mind of God.

Thomas Fleming is the editor of Chronicles.

Rising From the Dead

by George Garrett

Shakespeare, Harsnett, and the Devils of Denham
by F.W. Brownlow
Newark: University of Delaware Press; 440 pp., $49.50

Shakespeare, In Fact
by Irvin Leigh Matus
New York: Continuum Books; 336 pp., $29.50

A Dead Man in Deptford
by Anthony Burgess
New York: Carroll & Graf; 272 pp., $21.00

◆

Despite the relentless efforts of die-hard revisionists, those intellectual terrorists who seem to be bound and determined to explode and reduce to rubble the best of our Western heritage, the ancient and honorable vocation of scholarship continues, patiently adding to our sum of knowledge and appreciation and perhaps even understanding of the living past, undeterred by the ruthless thought police and by the trendy designers who are transforming the groves of academe into a spotlight fashion runway. The scholar continues "descending / The cast-iron stair of the stacks, shuffling his papers," in a poem by Richard Wilbur ("For W.H. Auden") and in "real life." Here, from the ranks of recent studies of some aspects of the Elizabethan Age, are three exemplary models of the ways and means of contemporary scholarship.

Brownlow's *Shakespeare, Harsnett, and the Devils of Denham* is a classic work of scholarship, scrupulous, exact and exacting, finally wise, sometimes witty ("Comedy has a hard time surviving miracle books and ecclesiastical courts, but that does not mean it was never there." "Writers who expose preternatural or supernatural fraud seldom attract a very large audience.") and often as subtle as it is persuasive. The book is a complete and up-to-date reworking and rearrangement of Brownlow's important, unpublished dissertation of 1963. At heart, we have a strictly edited edition of Samuel Harsnett's *Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures* (1603), which concerned itself with the case of some highly illegal Catholic exorcisms of 1585-86. Announced as "essentially new in form and content," Brownlow's study "focuses all the materials upon Harsnett's book, placing it in the context of his career and of the events and personalities that led to its being written. By presenting the text in this way, I hope to give a view of power in the kingdom—intellectual, ecclesiastical, and political—that the book and its author once represented for everyone, including William Shakespeare, who read it."

Harsnett, who ended his upwardly mobile climb from baker's son as Archbishop of York, was (is) a complicated, important, and influential figure, not as well known as he ought to be. One of the people his work influenced, eliciting in response a magnificent alternative point of view, was Shakespeare, especially and extensively in *King Lear*. Brownlow's chapter, "Shakespeare and Harsnett," devoted to following "the running allusion to Harsnett's book" in *Lear*, is, in and of itself, a major work of adventurous criticism, one which, by the way, should put to rest (if not to shame) some of the arguments of contemporary critics who cannot credit Shakespeare or most other Elizabethans with taking religious life and experience seriously. (The principal named opponent is sociohistorian Stephen Greenblatt, about whose views of Lear Brownlow writes: "This interpretation attributes to Shakespeare and his audience a capacity for radical skepticism that seems to me anachronistic, and is based on an oddly positivistic understanding of religious faith and phenomena.") The subject is, then, fascinating and the appendices, including the actual examinations and confessions of the Denham Demoniacs, are vivid and engaging. The scholarly apparatus is first-rate—a widely useful glossary, a thorough bibliography, and graceful footnotes pointing out a rich variety of connections and other directions for the reader to follow. Finally, and perhaps above all, this study, while achieving the author's stated goal, "a view of power in the kingdom," also greatly enriches our instruction and delight in *Lear*.

With *Shakespeare, In Fact*, Irvin Leigh Matus, a proudly "independent scholar," cheerfully takes on the persistent problem of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays and, in particular, the latest and strongest contemporary candidate (there have been more than 30 others over the years)—Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Matus, in my best judgment, demolishes the Oxfordians, leaving them precious little to stand on but thin, hot air. But the real pleasure of this work of popular scholarship, aimed more at the general reader than the specialist (though, judging by the book jacket blurbs—David Bevington, S. Schoenbaum, John W. Velz—specialists are also pleased), is *how* Matus goes about it, not jeering or picking fights, but taking the Oxfordian arguments seriously and in their own terms and then picking them to pieces with facts and logical argument. Even if the problem seems tedious and irrelevant at this late stage, the reader has much to enjoy here. There is a lively and accurate picture of Shakespeare in his own times and among his own contemporaries, a graceful bringing together of what can be known, all that needs to be known. Matus also follows the historical reputation of Shakespeare, demonstrating the huge irony that doubts about authorship arose in direct ratio to the high regard that Shakespeare's work later earned. His contemporaries loved and respected him. His

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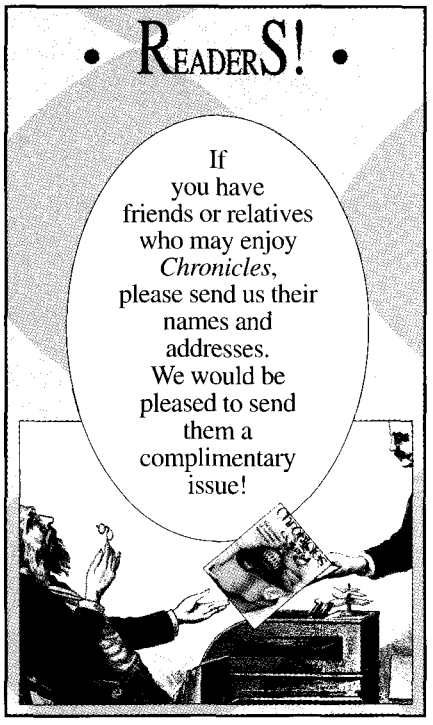
later admirers worshipped his works and came to conclude, as the Oxfordians have, that no common Elizabethan man, a modestly educated glover's son from a backwater community, no matter how gifted he might have been, could possibly have created the plays attributed to Shakespeare. Incidentally, Matus offers an accurate portrait of the Earl of Oxford, a man, himself, to be reckoned with and remembered, though not, by any means, as the secret author of William Shakespeare's works. Moreover, Matus's method allows him to take note of "the great transformations of Shakespearean studies over the past two decades or so." What he sees is the increasing emphasis, call it a kind of resurrection, on the Shakespearean plays as *performances* on the stage and on film and videotape. *Shakespeare, In Fact* really should dispose of the authorship problem for a good while. Certainly it is the best written, most accessible, and lively account of the whole matter.

If classic scholarship is marked by rigor and precision, qualities which at once limit and intensify the (inevitable) speculative elements, and if popular scholarship depends upon rhetorical authority and converts speculation to entertaining conjecture, there is another form, what might be called imaginative scholarship, wherein speculation, though equally founded upon facts, takes place in a narrative context and is tested in different ways. The best of historical fiction can sometimes achieve this status. The late Anthony Burgess had already done this with *Nothing Like the Sun* (1964), a novel about Shakespeare's "lost years," the blank time between his departure from Stratford and his appearance on the London scene. Now in his final novel, Burgess returns to the Elizabethan Age with the story, factually sound where there are facts and highly imaginative where there are mysteries, of the life and sudden death (murder) of Christopher Marlowe. The "lost" parts of Marlowe's brief life are the stuff of thrillers. He seems to have been a spy at home and abroad, one of some value and importance, in the service of Sir Francis Walsingham. He was involved in a homicide in London. He may have been a homosexual and an "atheist"—a radical skeptic in Elizabethan terms. Burgess has plenty to work with.

Just as Brownlow's book emerged from an unpublished dissertation, Burgess's novel began in 1940 as a university thesis on Marlowe which was destroyed by the *Luftwaffe* passing over Moss Side, Manchester. Burgess had to wait more than 50 years to get back to it and, as it were, finish it in novel form. Here, in an appropriately vivid narrative language, Burgess sticks close to facts when they are known and (often in Marlowe's case) does his freefalling and skydiving where there are enigmatic mysteries to deal with. One need not agree with all of Burgess's speculations, nor with his interpretation of Marlowe's character, to enjoy this book which, with the grace of art, plunges us into the ebb and flow of Elizabethan life and is, as might be expected, about as fine-tuned a study of "the creative process" of a poet as you will find anywhere. The details are right, the surfaces are sensuous, the age rises from the dead.

All three of these books are, each in its own way, dedicated to the proposition that the past is alive and deserves to be preserved and protected against the forces of barbaric ignorance and indifference. Each and all of these books offers occasion for the hope that scholarship is holding its own in difficult times.

George Garrett is Henry Hoyns Professor of English at the University of Virginia and author, most recently, of Whistling in the Dark, *a collection of stories. His forthcoming novel is* The King of Babylon Shall Not Come Against You *(Harcourt Brace).*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Mirror & Labyrinth

by J.O. Tate

The Mystery to a Solution: Poe, Borges, and the Analytic Detective Story
by John T. Irwin
Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press;
481 pp., $36.95

◆

The topic of Poe and Borges is as compelling as it is restricted, and Professor Irwin has made sure we understand that what is narrow may also be deep. Indeed, he peers through an aperture which in his perspective opens to take in a universe. But before I speak to that fullness of vision, perhaps a glance over the shoulder may be useful.

I have noticed laterally that Professor Harold Bloom, casting wide his net, has also had something to say recently about Poe and Borges in his transumption of hysteria and whimsy, *The Western Canon: The Books and School of the Ages.* In some words on the canonical American writers, Bloom has declared in what we may interpret as a repressed reference to his own works, "Poe is too universally accepted around the world to be excluded, though his writing is almost invariably atrocious." On the other hand, Bloom celebrates the work of Jorge Luis Borges, though not convincingly, and in particular one Borgesian fable glossed by Irwin: "Death and the Compass." Professor Irwin does not share Bloom's estimate of Poe—far from it. He knows that "the care with which Poe constructed [a] passage in 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' indeed, suggests a poet's attention to word and image," and he is tireless in pursuing the implications of that thought.

Bloom and Irwin know what Borges himself declared: "The fact is that each writer *creates* his precursors." But Borges owed so much to Poe, just as modern literature owes so much to Poe, that I cannot see him as a mere precursor of anyone, but rather as a puissant imaginative force in his own right. Irwin of course never deprecates Poe, but approaches him through Borges, and after an extensive exposition, circles back to where he began.

John T. Irwin has written notably

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about Poe before, in his *American Hieroglyphics* (1980), as well as about Faulkner in *Doubling and Incest/Repetition and Revenge* (1981). In a superficial sense, his *Mystery to a Solution* has a smaller topic than he has heretofore attacked, but his treatment of Borges and Poe is so wide-ranging in its references and so unrelenting in its unfolding of logical, psychological, and linguistic enigmas that it seems to be his biggest as well as his best production. Perhaps here I can merely indicate something of this book's scope.

Strictly speaking, Irwin has set himself the limited task of showing the relationship of Borges's three detective stories, "The Garden of Forking Paths," "Death and the Compass," and "Ion Hakkan al-Bokhari, Dead in His Labyrinth," to Poe's three stories of Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Rogêt," and "The Purloined Letter." In doing so, Irwin's heroic quest for knowledge requires a labyrinthine tour of what we may think of as the ultimate canonical idol—Western civilization itself as expressed as an act of mind. This entails exploration of the Bible, Greek mythology, tragedy, and philosophy; of the logic of doubling, even and odd, handedness, and chess; of the history of mathematics and of the curricula of the École Polytechnique, Cambridge, the University of Virginia, and West Point; and ultimately of the ground on which Poe and Borges and Irwin meet. That locus, if I understand it, has to do with mirroring mirrors, with a dream within a dream as we recall it from Lewis Carroll. Here Pythagoras and Plato, Freud and Jung, and Poe and Borges seem to recur in an eternal Mobius strip that is at once history, literature, and intellect. Ultimately, what Irwin has addressed himself to is the nature of self-consciousness itself, and therefore the nature of mind and even humanity, rather than a matter of literary allusion and influence, or even literary self-referentiality.

And this is his triumph—his transcendence of his material by his thoroughgoing immersion in it. *The Mystery to a Solution* will join Daniel Hoffman's *Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe* as a necessary study of one obvious topic, and it is the best book as well on Borges. But its readership should by no means be restricted to those fascinated by these authors. Irwin's treatment of the primordial legends of Oedipus and Theseus is the most instructive and revealing I have ever seen, and alone justify the book. His mathematical and logical forays will appeal as well to those who know Douglas Hofstadter's *Gödel, Escher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid* (1979). Above all, Irwin's book will please all readers who require of a book that it exemplify its topic. After all, we have heard a lot in the last generation about the primacy of criticism, but rarely have we seen an example that would justify its most imperial claims. We cannot fail to notice that Irwin's analysis of mind is a product of the mind of Irwin. Irwin's practical and speculative criticism is itself an example of the thematization of the act of reading which he attributes to Poe's fictions—"naming the story after the central symbolic object the story presents and . . . making that symbolic object a text."

In other words, this study of self-referentiality is self-referential. I feel free to say so particularly because, first, Professor Irwin has himself noted his personal relationship with Jorge Luis Borges, and even included the record of his own best chess game, played against a man named Borges; and because, second, in the structure of his book he has acknowledged his own doublings, mirror-images, and labyrinthine recurrals. He has also indicated that he has books on F. Scott Fitzgerald and Hart Crane in progress. The evidence of *The Mystery to a Solution* is that there is already a growing circle of privileged readers waiting for them.

J.O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island.

The Fixer

by Gerald Russello

Sly and Able: A Political Biography of James F. Byrnes
by David Robertson
New York: W.W. Norton; 639 pp., $29.95

◆

This new biography of one of the great "fixers" in American political life, James F. Byrnes, creates the impression of an American Ozymandias, proclaiming by example the ephemerality of human greatness. Byrnes and his political colleagues *did* mold the world in which we live long after the last of them died; yet the scene of waste remains, as the life of James Byrnes, almost all of its 90 years spent in the public sphere in an astonishing array of positions—member of both houses of Congress, Supreme Court Justice, secretary of state, governor—extends itself before us. James Byrnes was in many ways an honest and committed public servant, yet even he, no matter how sly or able (and he was indeed both) could not resist being increasingly consumed by the steady possession of public power.

Sly and Able presents a vibrant, at times colorful account of a nation struggling to define and accommodate itself to rapidly changing social and economic realities. Robertson throughout the book gives us glimpses of a world barely remembered: the "palmetto stump" campaigning in turn-of-the-century South Carolina, the great textile mill strikes of the 1930's, and the forgotten figures, great and small, that populated American political life earlier in this century. Byrnes's career was spent largely as a participant, and his life (1882-1972) spans most of the significant post-Civil War events of American politics. In some respects, "Jimmy" Byrnes's is a classic Horatio Alger story. His family, refugees from the Irish potato famine, arrived in South Carolina almost two decades before the attack on Fort Sumter, and by the eve of hostilities had acquired significant land holdings along the coast. After the war the family wealth dissipated, and the senior Byrnes moved to Charleston to find work; by the time Jimmy was born, his father was dead from tuberculosis. The Byrnes family was poor again, and the son passed up college to support his family.

Except for short periods in private law practice, James Byrnes's every position was in some way connected to government, beginning with his jobs as court stenographer and later court solicitor in Spartanburg. From there he entered Congress, as a representative for the Second District. While in Congress he met his first political mentor, the one-eyed Senator "Pitchfork" Ben Tillman of South Carolina. Farmer and agrarian radical, Tillman was the first in a line of prominent "fathers" who included Woodrow Wilson, Bernard Baruch, and Franklin Roosevelt. Each of these rela-

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tionships proved mutually beneficial, the elder men finding a second youth through the energetic young Byrnes, and Byrnes in exchange receiving the benefits of their power.

Although Robertson makes a claim throughout the book for Byrnes's "conservatism," this disposition seems to have been largely temperamental, and Byrnes for the most part did not let it interfere with his pragmatism or ambition. What really seems the motivating factor in his career was the continuing quest for influence. Not that he was unprincipled in his pursuit of political power; there is no evidence of his using political office for financial gain, and, except for the most necessary concessions to the race problem, Byrnes did not engage in the racial agitation common to Southern politics of the time, even when these were used in attempts to unseat him. Byrnes's career was that of a former poor boy who does not wish to be powerless again, and who has the wit and skill to maintain his usefulness to those ruling the Rome then growing on the Potomac. As Robertson says of his elevation to the Supreme Court, where he served as an undistinguished member, "it was simply not in Jimmy Byrnes' nature to refuse a promotion, whether he wanted the new job or not." Such recalcitrance might have proved detrimental to his constant drive to the center of power.

The youthful congressman played no small part in the new Rome's growth. After some disillusionment and disappointment in the 1920's, Byrnes began his rise in the 1930's, having allied himself with a President least likely to appeal to a conservative Southern politician. Franklin Roosevelt and Jimmy Byrnes had a strong but stormy friendship over the next two decades, as Roosevelt twice promised Byrnes the vice-presidency, and twice broke that promise. Despite these bitter betrayals (in 1944, Truman was carrying in his coat pocket the speech that would have nominated Byrnes when he himself, supported by FDR, accepted the nomination), Byrnes remained a loyal supporter of the Roosevelt colossus (who in *Sly and Able* is presented as distinctly deceitful), even working behind the scenes in Congress while an associate Justice to help secure passage of the First and Second War Powers Acts. Byrnes exacted a political price for these extrajudicial duties; he finally left the Court in 1942 to head the Office of Economic Stabilization, and in 1944 he became director of the newly created Office of War Mobilization, agencies Byrnes himself had outlined for Roosevelt.

It was in these years that Byrnes became known as "the assistant President," and Robertson's description of the office and its powers, even given the contingencies of war, is a case study in democratic tyranny. The two agencies gave Byrnes authority "relating to the control of civilian purchasing power, rents, wages, salaries, profits, subsidies and all related matters." Byrnes was in complete control, and there was no appeal from his decisions. He was the first of the various "czars" whom American Presidents have appointed to circumvent self-government by free citizens, and Byrnes worked vigorously and efficiently to put his practical talents to use effectively to control the American economy for the remainder of the war.

Byrnes did display a certain conservatism in the form of regional loyalty after he became governor of South Carolina in 1950 and began to oppose the further growth of the total state and the concomitant social revolution in the South, which the Truman administration supported. But the omnipotent state that Byrnes himself had helped to create was already a reality, and his resistance, on the race issue, was futile. Byrnes had refused Klan endorsements of his candidacy in the past, and one of his first acts as governor was to promote anti-Klan legislation. Still, he was firmly committed to segregation, believing that white Southern moderates like himself could maintain the racial balance. Byrnes was unprepared for the unrelenting conviction civil rights activists had for their cause, and his political tricks at last failed him.

This perhaps was the great fixer's greatest weakness. Unlike that other great Carolinian who also served the nation in a range of positions—John C. Calhoun—Jimmy Byrnes was an unreflective man, who seemed unable to understand anything besides ambition, and unable to define success in anything but political terms: bills passed, favors gained, positions held. His greatest enemy, Robertson implies, was the typical modern affliction of boredom, and in that too he was purely American.

Gerald Russello writes from Brooklyn, New York.

LIBERAL ARTS

PETTICOAT POLITICS

Phil Potter, a county supervisor in Jefferson County, Wisconsin, is launching a reelection campaign entitled "Time for Changes," but the changes in question are personal rather than political. Mr. Potter, who has renamed himself Patricia and wears dresses and high-heeled shoes to county board meetings, will be undergoing a sex change operation next spring, according to the *Beloit Daily News*. Explaining his decision to switch genders, Mr. Potter said that he has felt oppressed by his male identity since elementary school, when he deliberately misbehaved in order to receive "the 'petticoat punishment,' in which the offending student had to wear a baby bonnet and a frilly apron."

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Letter From Alabama

by Jeffrey Tucker

The Truly Dangerous Snakes

◆

Someone must have put a snake on a fence, because it's raining for the first time in weeks. Jerry the Barber knows what causes weather changes, and if you are fortunate enough to count yourself among his clientele, he'll explain it. For example, Jerry knows a woman in Waverly, Alabama, who can break a storm. She stands on the porch and shakes an axe handle at the offending cloud. It splits and floats away. She learned how to do this after her neighbor put a snake on the fence without asking others if they wanted rain. That's considered rude.

Jerry seems to know everything, but sometimes his advice is only half usable. He gave me his moonshine recipe, but warned me not to cook it too long. At some point, he said, it turns to "gasoline." How long is too long? It depends on many things (the weather, the mixture, the cooking temperature), and you have to get the hang of it. Also, Jerry failed to tell me that the reason moonshiners work in the woods, away from other people and houses, is that you can smell the stuff brewing a half-mile away. That's how they're caught.

At least one person in Lee County, Alabama, is getting away with it. The local liquor control board fined several bars and restaurants for violations. They found drinking under age, drinking on Sunday, drinking with a fake ID, drinking too late, and some place selling moonshine. My regret: the local paper did not list the bar.

Inspired by the moonshiners, models of rugged individualism, Ward Allen (a student of agrarian Donald Davidson in literature and life) and I decided to recover the lost art of making hams. The hams you buy at the store, it turns out, have been pumped up with a salt-water syringe. According to one book I found, this method cannot create a real ham.

I told Andy Barnett of our plans to moonshine a ham. A distinguished economist *and* a rooted Confederate patriot, Andy remembered rubbing hams as a boy, and so called his dad in South Carolina to find out more. Within seconds, Andy's dad was reading from his 1952 Department of Agriculture pamphlet on raising and eating hogs. It was just sittin' by the phone.

A real ham is periodically hand-rubbed for several weeks with sugar, salt, black and red pepper, and saltpeter. (A newer book says to drop the saltpeter "for health reasons," advice we rejected.) Then it's smoked (sadly we had to use a modern smoker—this time) and then aged for several months up to a year. As we rubbed our fresh hams early one Saturday morning, Mr. Allen wondered if the ancient Egyptians used this method as they preserved bodies. Who knows, but if so, I asked, how are bodies preserved today? "Do you suppose," he asked, "they pump them up with a salt-water syringe?"

Mr. Allen gets his hair cut more often than I do, and so he gets to see Jerry more. This is useful, because Jerry is right on in all matters of politics, from the New Deal to Newt Gingrich. The social science professors at the university could learn a lot from him. Jerry's welfare reform plan is straightforward: take all them bums on welfare in New York, throw 'em in Alabama swamps, and let the snakes eat their eyes and lips.

Of course he approves of the new chain-gang law in Alabama, which the *New York Times* recoils from in horror. Instead of lounging around prison, criminals clean up the roads, linked with thick and unbreakable cords. It keeps the highways clean, provides proximate social restitution, and the humiliating sight itself deters future criminals. What's wrong with that? Right on cue, liberals denounced it as cruel, reactionary, unworkable, and all the rest. But according to real people in Alabama, serious crime deserves a swift and serious response.

In Auburn's neighboring town of Opelika, there are some gang problems in the high schools and petty theft, but mostly people live in security. Local tranquillity was shattered earlier this year, however, with what folks are calling the worst crime since Reconstruction. A boy of 15 shot and killed three widow women as they were strolling through an indoor flea market in Opelika. He then took their purses. One victim was my neighbor, and she was a saint.

I expected an uproar. Surely, a crime this appalling will get some attention outside of Lee County, probably even from the *New York Times*. It didn't. Apparently, it's considered too sensitive a subject when a black boy (who is too young to be eligible for the death penalty) kills three older white women. People might get upset. Three days after the triple murder, even the local newspaper stopped reporting the details.

Receiving extensive coverage instead, thanks to roving reporters from the Associated Press, were the latest goings on in Wedowee, Alabama. A former high school principal accused of being impolite to a mixed-race girl was hired for an administrative job by the school district, over the objections of outsiders demanding ever more minority "rights."

The events in Wedowee have been covered in the *New York Times* for more than a year. Ward Allen says I'd be generally happier if I put off reading that paper until late in the afternoon. In the mornings, I should visit Jerry. Or maybe I'll go see that woman in Waverly to see if she can shake an axe handle at the media and make them float away.

Jeffrey Tucker is research director of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, Alabama.

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COMMUNITY

Caledonians of the Heartland

by G. Douglas Nicoll

Celebrating St. Andrew's Day (November 30) is not uncommon among Scots, especially in the English-speaking world, but the widespread commemoration of the birthday of the poet Robert Burns (January 25), even by non-Scots or "Scots for a day," sets this national group apart from all others. No other national heritage rests so heavily on the memory of a literary figure. The English do not honor Shakespeare in similar fashion, nor the Italians Dante.

There are many clan organizations and St. Andrew's and Caledonian societies in the United States today, and one of the oldest still functioning, founded in 1858, is the Robert Burns Club of Rockford, Illinois. There were two groups of Scots settling near the Rock River in northern Illinois in the 1840's. One centered around the agricultural community of Caledonia, where the Willow Creek Presbyterian Church still maintains the memory of the early settlers, most of them farmers from the peninsula of Kintyre in Argyllshire. The other included the mixed group of farmers, merchants, and craftsmen who settled in the growing town of Rockford. There were few Highlanders among them. They came from a variety of Lowland communities and were not acquainted before coming to America. It was these "invisible immigrants," living among many others of European ancestry, who took the opportunity of the forthcoming Robert Burns centennial in 1859 to found the Rockford Burns Club and keep their cultural heritage alive.

The club's remarkable longevity is due to the service of successive leaders who kept the organization going through thick and thin. These leaders consistently reflected the populist outlook of Robert Burns himself; they were bankers and entrepreneurs, machinists and molders, men from all walks of life. The highest offices of the club were never denied to anyone on the basis of rank, which Burns labeled "but the guinea-stamp." In its aim to honor the immortal memory of the Scottish bard, perhaps the Burns Club's greatest achievement is its witness to the principle that "a man's a man for a' that!"

During its early years, the Civil War curtailed the club's activities somewhat, but in the decade that followed, its annual banquets and summer picnics became major social events in the Rockford community. The members of the organization met regularly in their rented club rooms in downtown buildings. They eventually acquired a library of 400 volumes and sets for the occasional dramatic productions they presented to the public. But the event that inspired their founding, the celebration of Burns' birthday, remained their premier activity throughout the years.

Initially held in the Holland House, these January banquets attracted 150 diners, the hotel dining room's limit. Later venues would allow for twice as many guests. The format followed a pattern established in Scotland and became traditional, although streamlined in the 20th century. The celebrants entered the dining room with a grand march, enjoyed a plentiful meal, and then listened to a series of short speeches in response to various toasts pertinent to the occasion, usually by local dignitaries. The primary toast was always "To the Immortal Memory" of Robert Burns, sometimes delivered by a guest from Chicago or elsewhere. Second in popularity was the toast and response "To the Ladies," which was usually humorous. Until a local pipe band was organized around the turn of the century, there might be a single piper from Rockford who played for some Highland dancers (men), and invited vocalists rendered several Scottish melodies. The evening ended with a ball lasting into "the wee hours." The banquet halls were always appropriately decorated, and in 1875 a local artist and club member, Edinburgh-born George J. Robertson, gave the club his portrait of Robert Burns, which is still proudly displayed at every January celebration.

From the outset these banquets indicated that their sponsors were both Scots and Americans. On the walls of the Holland House dining room they hung not only a portrait of Burns, but also one of George Washington and the national motto "*E pluribus unum.*" William Wallace and the Scottish motto "*Nemo me impune lacessit*" appeared along with a representation of Daniel Webster. Their speeches noted that Burns was a poet for all humanity. They sang "Hail Columbia" as well as "Scots Wha Hae" and toasted both American governors and the British monarch, the land of their adoption and "Scotland's worthies," and the American free press and the Scottish educational system. These gatherings clearly manifest the dual patriotism of Scottish immigrants and their descendants and a continuing appreciation of the Scottish traditions of popular education and freedom of thought.

The one stumbling block at the early celebrations, where liquor was banned, was the reconciliation of Burns' virtues as a populist, freedom-loving poet and his personal habits as a profligate. In most cases speakers blamed his vices on the social mores of his day and credited his virtues to the Scottish character.

By this time it was customary for the club to stage an annual summer picnic, open to all who came, and attendance reached its peak in 1879. Held at a stone quarry north of town that year, the club picnic drew a record crowd. The steamer *Transit* made regular runs up and down the Rock River to the picnic site on the west bank. Boats had to ferry across those from the countryside east of Rockford. The local newspaper recorded that 400 teams of horses brought as many as 2,000 picnickers to the quarry grounds. Obviously, some wagons were left on the east bank, but it staggers the imagination to think of two "parking lots" filled with 400 teams of horses.

At these picnics a few speeches followed the midday meal, and then the athletic contests began. Throwing the hammer and putting the stone were the only events which are traditional for Scottish Highland Games today, but the other contests were those characteristic of American picnics everywhere: running, jumping, chasing a greased pig, riding bicycles as slowly as possible,

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marksmanship, etc.

The club's halcyon years were short-lived. By the late 1880's membership had dwindled, and the summer picnics were no longer needed as other forms of entertainment emerged. The club could not afford rented meeting rooms and gave its books to the public library. Yet, it rallied for funerals of its members, sometimes raising funds for their widows. It purchased four cemetery plots and used two of them. It sent an ill young Scot home to his mother in Peterhead, to her eternal gratitude. For two decades the Burns Club teetered on the brink of dissolution. One member even suggested that the annual Burns banquet be discontinued. But each year as January 25 approached, often in just a few days, the core membership would make the necessary arrangements, and the memory of Burns would be publicly honored.

By the turn of the century the club's active members numbered no more than a dozen or so, and the only meetings held were the annual gatherings to plan the Burns supper. Then an influx of Scottish immigrants to Rockford about 1909 brought new interest in the Burns tradition. The membership increased, and the January banquets drew up to 300 guests. Regular appearances by the locally organized Clan MacAlpine Pipe Band added to the colorful pageantry.

The Rockford Burns Club experienced lean years during the Great Depression, but was rejuvenated in the years after World War II. A new generation of postwar leaders expanded the club's activities with the inauguration of a newsletter, occasional educational programs, and participation in local international festivals. A new indirect dimension of the club's identity came with the organization in 1945 of the Pipe Band of the Rockford Scottish Educational Society, seen as a resurrection of the Clan MacAlpine band, which had disbanded a few years before. The centennial banquet of January 1958 was an extraordinary event, with speeches, dancing, and music by the pipe band and invited performers. By the 1970's, a "Tartan Ball" had become one of the club's principal activities, and the "Highland Games," which had attracted little interest in the Rockford area in the late 1970's, were successfully revived this summer.

Formal membership in the Burns Club was always somewhat amorphous. Dues were no longer collected by the end of the 19th century, and it is unclear when the practice resumed. The officers honored the restriction of membership to native Scots and their sons and grandsons more in the breach, and membership was usually considered to include those who attended Burns Club activities. This changed in 1974, when club officers amended their constitution to read: "Membership is open to all persons interested in retaining the Scottish Heritage and the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

A common custom at Burns banquets around the world is to begin the activities by "piping in the haggis" and then reciting Burns' poetic address to this "Great Chieftain o' the Pudden-race." Almost all the Rockford celebrations included this practice until shortly after World War II, when there was a hiatus of several years. Resumed in 1962, United States Customs officials jeopardized the practice when they seized the ordered shipment of the exotic "delicacy" at Idlewild Airport on the eve of the January banquet. A hurriedly devised substitute had to be prepared, but the challenge of making haggis domestically suspended its inclusion until 1983, when it was again "piped in," as it has been ever since.

At the first Rockford Burns Club banquet, local Judge Anson Miller predicted that the club would celebrate Robert Burns' 200th birthday. His prophecy came to pass in 1959, and by that time the Burns Club was Rockford's oldest social organization in continuous operation. Now a few decades into its second century, local Scots and "would-be Scots" still rally every January to honor "the immortal memory" of the bard and to enjoy the distinctive pageantry of this Scottish tradition. For many it is also a time to remember their sentimental "hame," as did Burns himself:

> My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
> My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
> A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
> My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

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F I L M

Angry White Males

by Michael Hill

Braveheart
Produced by Mel Gibson
Directed by Mel Gibson
Screenplay by Randall Wallace
Released by Paramount Pictures

In recent films, "angry white males" are generally portrayed as psychopaths, and it is, therefore, almost astonishing that even a good conservative like Mel Gibson should have chosen to make a movie on the life of William Wallace. Wallace in the late 13th century displayed all the characteristics deplored by our prevailing anti-European, anti-heterosexual male culture. The movie has evoked harsh criticism in New York because it appeals to all the things that New York despises, namely Christian devotion, populism, patriotism, home rule, self-defense, well-defined sex roles, traditional morality, and self-sacrifice for a noble cause. Hollywood's usual condescending treatment of these virtues is refreshingly absent from *Braveheart*. Rather, Gibson presents Wallace and the Scots he led as old-fashioned and devout men. They formed a common, organic culture (a "nation" in the Biblical and historical sense) fighting for kin, community, and country against an imperialist aggressor (Edward I, played by Patrick McGoohan) and the twin scourges of political centralization and cultural genocide. At question was whether Scotland would be forcibly merged into a multicultural Plantagenet empire. It is a simple case of good against evil.

Braveheart is for the most part a historically accurate portrayal of Wallace's quest for Scottish liberty; however, it does have its fictions: his romance with Princess Isabel of France, the love-starved wife of the homosexual Prince of Wales, the future Edward II; the omission of Andrew de Moray (Murray) and several other of Wallace's notable compatriots; and the mischaracterization of Robert Bruce as a weakling. Other inac-

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curacies probably would go unnoticed by most viewers: for example, the fact that Wallace's (and de Moray's) great victory at Stirling Bridge was fought in the marshes of the river Forth beneath Stirling castle rather than on an open field. In addition, it is difficult for Hollywood actors to give convincing performances as late medieval Scots; they are simply not tough enough. Otherwise, *Braveheart* is pretty good history.

Apart from a few bits of gratuitous sex, the film seems aimed at *Chronicles* readers. The men are men, the women are women, and the in-betweens are portrayed as silly and incompetent. Gibson makes it clear that any nation ruled by Edward II will be headed for trouble. The Scots are not only brave, but they are pious as well, and *Braveheart* seems as much a testimonial to medieval religion as to Scottish courage. Several scenes might serve as editorials for the *Latin Mass* magazine, and Wallace's Latinity is harped upon almost as much as his ferocity. Tough but pious men who speak Latin, love beautiful women, and fight for their liberty—what more could anyone want in a popular movie?

For American viewers, *Braveheart* offers some important historical parallels. Like the 13 colonies on the eve of the Revolution and like the *antebellum* South, late-medieval Scotland sought to secure and enjoy its liberty. *Braveheart* begins with young Wallace roaming the hills and glens of his native Selkirk Forest during the popular and prosperous reign of Alexander III (1249-86), the last of the Celtic house of Canmore. During the latter half of the 13th century, Scotland enjoyed a "Golden Age," living in cautious peace with the ambitious Edward "Longshanks" (1272-1307) to the south. To assure continued peace, Alexander in 1278 had pledged to be Edward's liege man, a submission that boded ill for Scotland's future. When Alexander was killed in a riding accident in 1286, Edward I made his move against the northern kingdom. Alexander's four-year-old granddaughter, Margaret, the maid of Norway, was in line for the succession. Edward was quick to exploit the resulting regency government. In the Treaty of Birgham (1290), the Scottish Guardian agreed to a marriage alliance between Margaret and Edward's five-year-old son and heir. The treaty, however, left Scotland a free and independent country. No vassal of the Scottish crown would be allowed to do homage for lands held from the English king, since transnational land ownership led to divided loyalties that usually benefited the stronger English regime. In addition, the Scots were to have their own laws, and the Scottish church would be free from English interference. For the moment, then, Scotland seemed beyond Edward's grasp.

But Edward "Longshanks," like Abraham Lincoln, did not allow the trivialities of the law to thwart his ambitions. When little Margaret died later in 1290 and the major claimants to the throne threatened civil war, the English king was invited to determine who was to be the new Scottish king. His pick was John Balliol, who was chosen over Robert Bruce the Competitor (grandfather of *the* Robert Bruce), and the results were tragic for Scotland. Balliol, Edward's vassal by virtue of his (Balliol's) estates in northern England, was, as a contemporary noted, "a lamb in the midst of wolves." Nonetheless, he was king, and Wallace *père* and *fils* swore fealty to him, a commitment that the pusillanimous Balliol did not deserve and one that would lead to the younger Wallace's gruesome death in 1305.

After several years of humiliation at the hands of Edward I, including his unilateral revocation of the Treaty of Birgham, the supporters of John Balliol invaded northern England in 1296. Prior to this incursion, William Wallace had already provoked Edward, whose wrath soon would fall hard on Scotland. The English king launched a counterstroke into the Lowlands, sacking the thriving border town of Berwick, trouncing the Scottish nobility at Dunbar, and carrying to London the Stone of Scone on which the kings of Scotland were traditionally crowned. Thereafter, Scotland lay open to the ambitious and vengeful Edward. Only Wallace stood to oppose him.

William Wallace's campaign of 1297-98 against a professional English army was a remarkable feat of arms for one untutored in the formal military arts. Wallace's only fighting experience had come in his exploits after he was branded an outlaw for having slain several prominent Englishmen. His most noteworthy trophy was the much-despised Sheriff of Lanark, killed in retaliation for the brutal murder in 1296 of his wife, Marion Braidfoot. Like most men, Wallace was not above exacting vengeance against his foes, but his forays against the English were prompted mainly by the realization that he either would kill or be killed. After slaying the Sheriff of Lanark, Wallace used his talents as a guerrilla leader, gathering several hundred Scottish patriots from the wilds of Selkirk Forest. Soon, his various raids and ambushes escalated into a full-scale war against Edward's army of occupation.

Though Wallace was most effective as a guerrilla leader, he is best remembered for his great victory over the English at Stirling Bridge in 1297. For much of the previous year, and with little assistance from the Scottish nobility, he had raised, equipped, and trained a populist army. This was much the same sort of fighting force fielded by the Jacobites in the 18th century and by the Southern Confederacy in the 1860's, namely a people in arms. Lacking cavalry and siege engines, Wallace depended on infantry troops alone, whom he trained in the use of the schiltrom, a hedgehog tactical formation that used the pike to repel the fearsome Anglo-Norman men-at-arms. His success at Stirling Bridge resulted from confining these mounted knights to a place near the edge of the river Forth and throwing them into confusion with a well-conceived infantry assault. However, at Falkirk in 1298 the English army, led by Edward himself, virtually destroyed Wallace's force with volleys of arrows at long range after the Scottish cavalry suddenly deserted.

Between Stirling Bridge and Falkirk Wallace reached his zenith, receiving a knighthood and the sole Guardianship of Scotland in the name of King John Balliol. He led several search-and-destroy missions into northern England, exacting revenge for Edward's sacking of the Lowlands. But because he could not win the allegiance of the Scottish nobles, Wallace had little chance of long-term success against such a powerful foe. Falkirk proved that without the great lords he could not make Scotland independent. Robert Bruce's decision to pledge fealty to Longshanks, a tactical move in his contest for the throne with Balliol and his Comyn allies, removed crucial support from Wallace's camp. After his army was scattered at Falkirk, Wallace voluntarily relinquished the Guardianship and sailed to the continent in search of aid and a diplomatic solution to the mounting crisis in his homeland. Finding neither, he returned to Scotland in 1300 and began an ineffective guerrilla war from his old haunts

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of Selkirk Forest.

By then Wallace had become the "king's enemy" and would be offered no pardon. Stirling Bridge had stung Edward's pride, and he was determined to have his way with the upstart Scotsman. According to his biographers, Wallace could have come into the king's peace after Falkirk; however, he refused to forsake the struggle for Scotland's independence. In 1304 his allies—Comyn, bishops Wishart and Lamberton, James the Steward—one by one, came to Perth to submit to the English king. The spark of resistance among the Scots was temporarily extinguished. Wallace had no hope of raising another army, nor had he hope of escape. He was sacrificed to the king's peace; not a single Scotsman of note spoke up to defend him. But within six months after Wallace's betrayal by Graham of Menteith and his subsequent drawing-and-quartering at Smithfield (London) in August 1305, Bruce would kill John Comyn in Dumfries Cathedral, seize the crown of Scotland, and set off a chain of events that culminated in glorious victory over Edward II at Bannockburn in 1314.

Celtic peoples, whether in 13th-century Scotland or in the 19th-century American South, have been targets for subjugation and extermination. Our Celtic ancestors' refusal to surrender to the tyranny of a Longshanks or a Lincoln, despite overwhelming odds, enraged their tormentors and brought ruin on Scotland and the South. In the faces of Wallace's intrepid Celtic fighters one can recognize, across time and space, the same grim determination that moved the men in gray to follow brave Armistead at Gettysburg or impetuous Hood at bloody Franklin. They, too, like Wallace and his men, ultimately failed, but the inspiration we draw from their courage and sacrifice in the face of insurmountable difficulties is inestimable. And perhaps this legacy is why Celts have refused to present themselves as a government-protected "victim" group. It is significant that Mel Gibson has chosen to emphasize not the sufferings of the Scots but their heroic resistance to tyranny.

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Mad Scots and Indians

by Marian Kester Coombs

It would be easy to view the recent spate of movies and documentaries that side with Amerindians against the white man as no more than a long-delayed surge of racial revenge, and of course that emotion is openly expressed in all of them. I refer to the cycle, begun by *Dances with Wolves*, that includes Hollywood's *Geronimo* as well as the Discovery Channel's documentary series *How the West Was Lost*, the Arts & Entertainment's series *The Real West*, the Turner Network Television productions *The Native Americans*, *Geronimo*, *The Broken Chain*, *Lakota Woman: Siege at Wounded Knee*, *Tecumseh: The Last Warrior*, and Michael Mann's 1992 remake of *The Last of the Mohicans*. If we confine our view to the revisionist "Native American" epics, the denunciation of aggressive, imperialist white American culture is virtually all that is noticeable; broaden the view, however, to include the revisionist Scottish-nationalist sagas *Rob Roy* and *Braveheart*, and a different message is revealed.

The two most recent epics—Mel Gibson's *Braveheart* and Turner's *Tecumseh*—are so similarly plotted as to be the same movie set five centuries and an ocean apart. (In particular, the scenes of the clans/tribes reveling in the night by torchlight bring home how very much like "redskins" our European ancestors lived, well into the Christian era.) William Wallace's father is butchered in battle by his hereditary enemies, the English, in the 13th century, and the grieving boy sees his body laid out, then interred. Ever afterward, William is visited by his father (and later his murdered wife Marion) in inspirational dreams. Tecumseh's father is killed in battle by his hereditary enemies, the whites (perhaps by William Henry Harrison himself), in the 18th century, an event Tecumseh sees in a premonitory dream, and the body is sorrowfully returned and interred.

Both heroes are prone to dreaming, which signifies their reliance on preconscious, "irrational" ways of knowing, but while Wallace's dreams are conscience-like goads that keep him true to his quarrel with the English, Tecumseh's (like Geronimo's) often serve as practical guides from the spirit world to what is fated to happen or what to do next. As Julian Jaynes observed in *The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind*, once modern subjective consciousness evolved, only severe crises could again call forth in certain susceptible individuals the inner voice of the "gods," or "spirit possession," such as is found so serenely and routinely dictating the heroes' acts in an archaic trance-epic like *The Iliad*.

Wallace and Tecumseh are both reviled by their civilized contemporaries as wild men, *sauvages* who exist in a (free) state of nature. Yet each startles his opponents with sophistication: Tecumseh knows English and has been taught to read and write, while Wallace's Uncle Argyll has had him made literate in English, French, and Latin. But their core unity is each man's obsession with his people and its traditional way of life, which is seen, simply, as freedom. In passionate speeches to the enemy as well as to sellouts among their own kind, Wallace and Tecumseh declare that any suffering endured under conditions of freedom is preferable to the most seductive prosperity and security granted by giving up the struggle: "We starve, but we are still free." "No surrender!" is the war cry of both. Wallace strives to resolve the warring clans into a united strike force, just as Tecumseh belatedly sees the need for the warring tribes to join together in driving out the whites.

The parallel "sellouts" are those Scottish nobles and native chiefs who bargain away the people's birthright and land while enriching themselves. The parallel enemy is seen torching humble villages and harassing women and children. He is above all treacherous, sure to break whatever parole or treaty he coerces or cajoles clan or tribe into signing; unbounded in arrogance and imperial rapacity; but of course so superior in number, mounts, and weaponry that only lightning raids and daring ambushes avail against him. The betrayal and rout of Wallace and his men at Falkirk resembles the tribes' entrapment and betrayal at Fallen Timbers. The scenes of blue-daubed, kilt-swathed Scottish Highlanders charging massed English horse with bloodcurdling yells correspond frame for frame to the warpainted, breechclouted, screeching Shawnees charging the bluecoat cavalry.

In the end, Wallace is seized and will not beg the King for a merciful death, so

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his body is desecrated: hanged, racked, drawn, beheaded, and quartered as a warning to all traitors. Tecumseh, too, is slain, but his body (like that of Crazy Horse of the Lakota) is spirited away to avert the sickening fate that befell Sitting Bull's corpse. The martyred spirit of Wallace is reborn in Robert the Bruce, while Tecumseh's waits like Frederick Barbarossa, sleeping king of the Germanic tribes, for the day when it may awake and lead its people back to freedom.

The central theme in this broader parallelism, then, is the yearning for lost liberty, a yearning which subsumes and transcends the racial content. Similarly, one of the most powerful recent evocations of the smoldering "Don't Tread on Me" attitude that was to ignite our own long-ago revolt against tyranny is achieved by *The Last of the Mohicans*. Hawkeye is a New World hybrid, not only an emissary from the vanishing world of *les sauvages* but a spokesman for the poor, hardy colonists who have chosen to endure the hardships of frontier life rather than "live by anyone's leave." The heroine's rejection of her father's Old World view of the individual's duty in favor of the protorevolutionary vision of Hawkeye and his companions is drama that electrifies every American zone of the body.

Rob Roy and *Braveheart* are also virtually the same movie, set four centuries and a few glens apart. The director of *Rob Roy* has been at pains to disparage Sir Walter Scott's Waverley novel as a Romantic distortion of the facts, yet there is more historical subtlety and clear-eyed ambivalence about our hero/villain in Scott's Introduction to *Rob Roy* than in the new film, which takes much docudramatic license while transposing key elements of the story. Scott astutely explains Rob's lasting appeal: "He owed his fame in a great measure to his residing on the very verge of the Highlands, and playing such pranks in the beginning of the eighteenth century as are usually ascribed to Robin Hood in the Middle Ages, and that within forty miles of Glasgow, a great commercial city. . . . Thus a character like his, blending the wild virtues, the subtle policy, and unrestrained licence of an American Indian, was flourishing in Scotland during the Augustan age of Queen Anne and George I."

Of course the true parallels between a Wallace and a Tecumseh are not cinematic but historical. Historian John Prebble might have been describing the violent ruin of Amerindian ways of life when he said that his book *The Highland Clearances* "is the story of how the Highlanders were deserted and then betrayed. It concerns itself with people, how sheep were preferred to them, and how bayonet, truncheon and fire were used to drive them from their homes. It has been said that the Clearances are now far enough away from us to be decently forgotten. But the hills are still empty. In all of Britain only among them can one find real solitude, and if their history is known there is no satisfaction to be got from the experience."

None of the films discussed here was made solely to flog the obsessions of Amerindian activists or Scottish Nationalists, however; their makers are responding to a terrible hunger for human freedom in an increasingly nightmarish world. The horrors they recreate on film are the history, this time written by the victims, of how the world got to be the prison within a prison it is today.

Frederick Jackson Turner's "frontier hypothesis" of American history can also be understood as the "anarchic freedom" hypothesis: the national character has been formed by the pull of vast unpeopled spaces that gave birth, according to an expedition chronicler writing in 1819, to an unquenchable craving for life "wherein the artificial wants and the uneasy restraints inseparable from a crowded population are not known, wherein we feel ourselves dependent immediately and solely on the bounty of nature, and the strength of our own arm" (quoted in Henry Nash Smith's *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth*). The frontier is the best of both worlds: savage freedom embraced by a civilized sensibility. As such it is inherently unstable, a fragile and fleeting moment, then tragedy. The closing of "the last frontier" has been announced so many times the words seem meaningless, but with each announcement it becomes more dismally true. Apologists for progress are fond of clucking that, after all, such absolute freedom has never actually existed, so there is nothing to long for, nothing to mourn. But anyone with sense knows that an ideal does not have to be actual to be *real*.

Henry Nash Smith believed that Turner's thesis was inadequate, in the end, because for some reason it failed to locate any "basis for democracy" in America other than the independent yeomanry that began to wither with the closure of the frontier. More recently, Victor Davis Hanson's *The Other Greeks: The Family Farm and the Agrarian Roots of Western Civilization* argues that "Agrarian populism, not intellectual contemplation, farmers, not philosophers, 'other Greeks,' not the small cadre of refined minds who have always comprised the stuff of Classics, were responsible for the creation" of western democracy. In other words, freedom is not a theoretical construct inherited by reading the right books but a way of life backed up by genuine material independence and self-reliance. With the death of anything resembling economic autonomy for the mass of modern individuals, "democracy" too is a corpse, much thumped but impossible to reanimate. Our "basis for democracy" is gone, but its mystique staggers on, muttering arcane formulae.

In the real Westerns that were made until about 1960, the North's destruction of the agrarian South was often added to the theme of the vanishing frontier, with embittered Johnny Rebs heading westward at war's end for one last taste of unregulated living. Outlawry itself, in the form of the Dalton, James, Younger, and other gangs of dispossessed Confederates, was often likened to Indian "renegadism" a la Geronimo—a natural response to being marginalized and persecuted by the relentless forces of progress. Many chronicles of white captivity made the point, expressed by Zane Grey in his first novel published almost a century ago, that "the free picturesque life of the Indians would have appealed to any white man; that it had a wonderful charm . . . how easily white boys became Indianized, so attached to the wild life of freedom of the redmen that it was impossible to get the captives to return to civilized life."

Such important insights, like so many others once the common intellectual property of Americans, have of course been extinguished in recent years. Yet we are fortunate that art is still capable of restoking these buried embers. We are all, German, Brit, Scot, and Lakota alike, the pitiable relicts of free ancestors. And as the forces of progress accelerate their final roundup for the One World Reservation, we are all redskins now.

Marian Kester Coombs writes from Crofton, Maryland.

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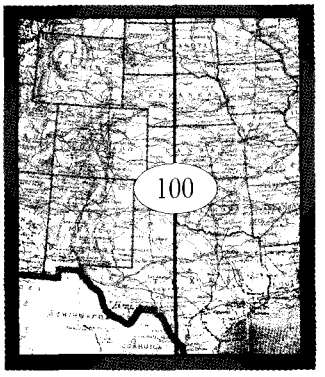
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

The View From Mount Nebo



Last summer this expansive sagebrush basin at the lower end of the Wyoming Range made the annual encampment of the Rainbow Family of Living Light, spawn of a congestive civilization. Fifteen thousand strong, they organized according to their various pursuits: drinking, drugs, nudity, fornication, and—for all the Lincoln County Sheriff's Department knows—cannibalism and human sacrifice. The Rainbows hung on for most of the season and chose for this summer's jamboree the state of New Mexico, home to several tribes of Apache Indians who have not forgotten their old practice of burning intruders head downward. In late July or early August they allowed a campfire to get away from them, but the blaze was extinguished with the help of the Big Piney Fire Department before it could burn its way into the timber. Now Snider Basin stretched peacefully, intact and empty, between Deadline Ridge, Mount Thompson, and Mount Darby as I approached from the northeast on the dirt road from Big Piney, the horse trailer rumbling behind the truck in the looping red curves above Porcupine Creek. Beyond the pioneer graves on the Lander Cutoff of the Oregon Trail I turned into a rutted track ascending to a bench above South Piney Creek and parked at the edge of a spit of forest running into the sagebrush. Already the sun was trying to fit itself into the groove where the creek emerged from the mountains between Darby and Thompson, and the air had begun to chill. The guard station half a mile out stood deserted, and the wind coming down from the mountains at the close of the day was the only humanly audible sound except for that of the horses stamping impatiently in their tin box.

I untied them through the manger doors, opened the big ones to the rear, let down the butt-bars, and drew them out by their tails. The headed grass beneath a stand of lodgepole pines waved smoothly on the wind. I led the horses to it, picketed the gelding on 30 feet of rosined lasso, and, leaving the mare to trail her lead rope as she grazed, walked back to the big lightning-stricken pine half of whose trunk had been removed by the blow. Four years later it stood strongly, its pulp unrotted, still bearing needles from the thrusting branches of its uninjured side. I walked round the tree several times, observing the surrounding ground. Then I walked over to another tree and went round it. Finally I returned to the hurt tree and scraped the grass with the side of my boot sole until I had removed the duff, twigs, pinecones, and fragments of rock from an area six feet long by three wide. When the ground was perfectly smooth I returned to the truck for the horsepack, which I lifted onto my shoulder. The canvas bottom was slick and hard with horse grease. I carried the pack to the edge of the space I had cleared and dropped it with a dull clank on the ground. I had packed it at home the night before with everything I would need for three days in the mountains. Then I unstuffed the sleeping bag and spread it on the even ground above the soft green grass.

Enough firewood lay around for suttee, dry as if it had come from a kiln. I gathered several armloads and removed the fired rocks at the center of the fire ring I had built four years before. There was no need of kindling. When the fire was burning hotly, ragged and orange with very little smoke, I brought the camp baskets from the truck and lifted out the bottle of red wine. Having forgotten the camp knife with the corkscrew on it, I had to push in the cork with a screwdriver, splashing a pattern of pink stains across the front of my blue work shirt. I would wear them comfortably for three days now. I poured some of the wine into a plastic cup and settled my back against the rough bark of the tree. I set the cup on the pine needles, leaned forward to place the grill across the fire that was already burning down to coals, and sat back against the tree again, drinking wine.

The sun went down and the evening star arose behind Deadline Ridge. A coyote on the forest's edge 200 yards from camp raised a wicked whoop, and received a chorusing reply from a pack over on Coal Creek. The cries began just as darkness fell, and ended with its completion. Far back in the mountains a strangled bugle sounded as a young bull elk tested his breaking voice for the coming rut. I went to check on the horses and move the gelding's picket. Back at the fire I filled a pan with water from the bladder, and set it on the grill. Using the camp knife I opened a can of red beans and put the beans in a second pan beside it. When the water boiled I added a bag of minute rice, and when the rice was done poured off the water and added the beans to it. I poured another glass of the wine and ate the beans and rice together in one pan, seated on a pine stump I had dragged over. After I was through I filled the pan from which I had eaten with water and set it to boil again while I went for the horses and snubbed them to the tie rings at the back of the trailer. Then I removed the pan and the grill from the fire, threw on a pile of wood, and got inside the sleeping bag on my back with the .41 magnum hog-leg by my head. Above, the pine boughs were underlit by the leaping fire that showed the grasses rippling as far as the edge of the circle of light, and presently the moon, just past the full, rose, across the valley from the glow that still outlined the western mountains. Beyond the circumference of its radius the Perseids sparked and disappeared. Wrapped in the bag, from the verge of sleep I thought I felt the ground move, but it was only the horses stamping on their shortened leads.

At dawn I built up the fire for coffee and let the horses graze while I broke camp and reloaded the horse pack; since we would be following water up to the pass it was not necessary to take them to drink at the creek. I loaded them back into the trailer and followed the floodplain of South Piney Creek as far as I felt sure of backing the rig around. The horses stood patiently in the hot sun while I saddled and loaded them, whisk-

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ing horse flies with their tails until I sprayed them down with a strong repellent. The gelding carried the big pack, the bedroll tied into the saddle strings ahead of the pommel, and myself; the mare had only the water canteens and the day pack with the medical kit over the horn. We rode out half an hour later at a slow trot, ponying the mare on a lead I held with my gloved hand.

It was cooler in the forest though still warm, and at the first water we came to the horses refused a drink. But they drank at the next crossing, where we turned north and began the climb diagonally across the east slope of Mount Darby above the North Fork of South Piney Creek. Across the steep canyon the parks showed brilliant green and along the trail the columbine was still in bloom, though the lupin was fading. I sat relaxed in the saddle, letting my hips sway with the movement of the horse and hearing the hollowish thud of hooves on the trail, interrupted occasionally by the mare scrambling behind us to keep up. Through the screen of the trees I caught a glimpse of a great bird, most likely an eagle, sweeping down canyon on leveled wings. Where the trail steepened and swung left against the watershed we climbed above the lodgepole forests and ascended among the huge limber pines beginning at around 9,600 feet, wide-spaced monsters with trunks several feet in diameter admitting a hazy sunshine that slanted between them and glowed in the thin grass growing from the forest floor. We broke into the first of the highest parks enclosed by curving battlements of pink rock and rode on along the base of the cliff until we came to a partial amphitheater resembling half a volcanic crater with a forested cone rising at the center. Patches of snow remained on the talused walls below a four-point bull elk and four cows who watched from the escarpment 700 feet above as we ascended the cone to make camp within the white-bark pine scrub that covered it. The moment I dismounted they turned and dropped behind the crest of the ridge.

My fire ring after four years was undisturbed in the shade of a white-bark pine curving outward in five separate trunks from the base. I unloaded the horses beside it and picketed them before I spread the groundcloth on the grassy slope amid tiny alpine grasshoppers jumping in the warm sun, and erected the tent above it. By walking a few steps away from camp I could look down Fish Creek drainage to the Green River Basin, and across the plain to the Wind River Range 80 or 90 miles to the east. I placed one of the saddles over a low branch, spread the blankets to dry in the sun, and set the other saddle upright on the pommel. While the horses grazed I sat propped against the saddletree, surrounded by lupin, blue forget-me-nots, cinquefoil, and the large fleshy green gentians, reading the English explorer Wilfred Thesiger's *Arabian Sands*, an account of his travels by camelback in the Empty Quarter of southern Arabia in the late 1940's. When my friend Steve Bodio of New Mexico recently proposed to his publisher that he write a book about falconers in Mongolia, the editor patiently explained to him that travel books are "passé." Perhaps she was right, since the literature of travel is in some ways the richest in the Western literary tradition for its devotion to reality, something in which the modern reading public has scant interest. Indeed, travel itself is passé. For Thesiger, a heroic man and a fine writer, now 85 years of age, his explorations were personal ventures. Of the Empty Quarter he says, "I went there to find peace in the hardship of desert travel and the company of desert peoples." Despising machines and the Western concept of progress, feeling himself an exile during his stays in England, he nevertheless appreciated the danger of falling between two worlds, alienated from his own people while remaining unable ever to become one of the Bedu or the Abyssinians whose way of life he so admires. While the camp robbers squawked and flew down to peck at the pack stretched on the ground, I read the poignant description of his encounter at the well at Manwakh with a lovely Arab girl wearing her hair in braids over her shoulders and a blue tunic open at the neck to expose her breasts. "She was very fair," Thesiger says. Condemned by the life of his choice to bachelorhood, elsewhere in his work he appears uninterested in female companionship. Putting aside his book, I went with a pan to scoop snow from a compacting drift for my solitary evening toddy.

I did not make use of the tent but slept again under the stars after watching the moon come up and whiten the surrounding cliffs. We were on our way by ten the next morning over Cheese Pass. The trail, which from a distance appears to be slipping off the cliff face, in reality is secure enough: I led the mare on foot and let the gelding, who does not lead so well on the steeps, follow us. We reached the saddle, elevation 10,440, after a climb of 660 vertical feet. I mounted the gelding, took the mare in hand again, and followed the switchbacks down the more gentle, wooded western aspect of the ridge. Near the bottom we found a spring rising among moss and elephant head, where I dismounted to fill the canteens before riding north, downhill into the forested hole where the East Fork of the Greys River heads. The climb out of the bottom was steep enough that I was forced to get down and lead once more, but when I mounted again we were traversing the great alpine meadow tilting west toward the Greys River Valley. We climbed on the diagonal across thin grass growing over fresh elk droppings and fractured shale on which the winded horses stumbled occasionally. I paused long enough to let them blow before ascending a red pulverizing knob above a snow cornice marked 10,460 on the topographic map. The knowledge of what lies beyond this knob is never sufficient to lessen the impact of the view, as Bald Mountain and Wyoming Peak come suddenly into sight, their twin peaks rising from massive pedestals in huge red triangles streaked with snow against an ultraviolet sky. I rode on across the meadow feeling the horse tipped sideways by the terrific wind, until we reached a reading of 10,920 on the map. Here I dismounted and let the horses crop the grass while, standing amid alpine forget-me-not, pipestemmon, larkspur, Indian paintbrush, blue flax, and eruptions of purple lupin, I gazed about a horizon extending 360 degrees. Beneath my feet Middle Piney Lake lay inset in a furrow of rock 2,000 feet below. Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado; Wasatch, Gros Ventres, Wind River, and Uinta Mountains; the Salt River Range. "Gilead as far as Dan, all Naphtali, the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, all the land of Judah as far as the Western Sea, the Negeb, and the stretch of the valley of Jericho, city of palm trees, as far as Zoar." There is solitude, even loneliness, in the wilderness. But only from wilderness do you ever gain a view of the promised land. I stood for several minutes feeling the sun burn my face and the hard wind chafe it. Then I remounted and started back the way we had come. From this place, there was nowhere to go but down.

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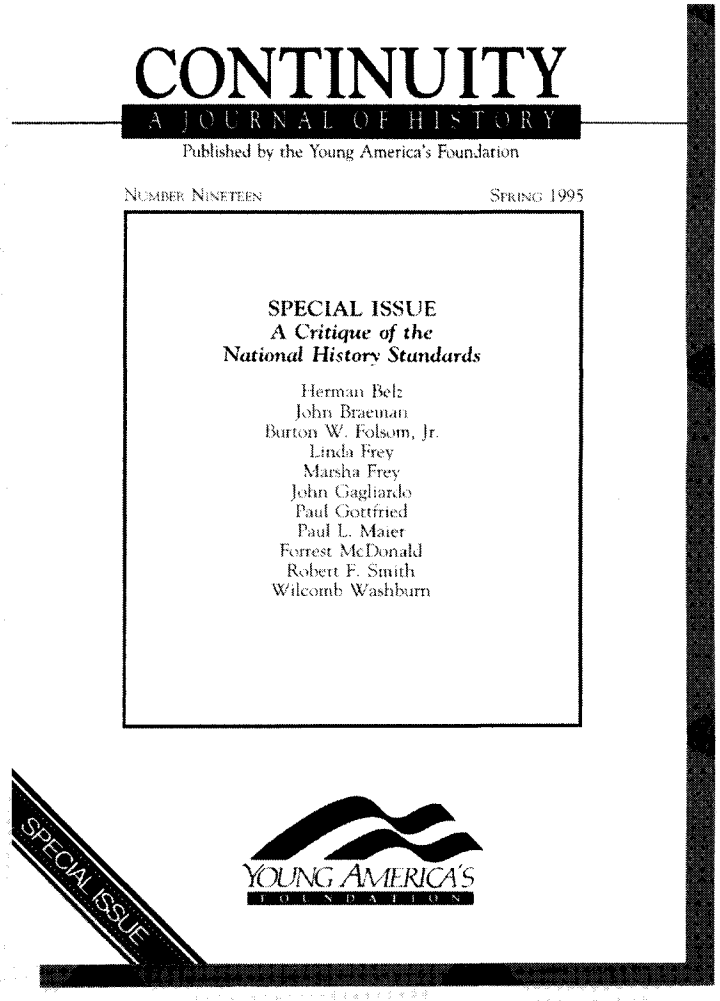

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